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FOR the second time in his life, Mr. Froude has an almost unexampled piece of literary luck. When he undertook to write the history of England "from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada," he was the first English writer, the first writer indeed of any nationality, who had entered on that subject with the rich resources of the public archives of England and Spain thrown open to him. The one possible value of Mr. Froude's many volumes was that they contained references to, and quotations from, a vast arsenal of documents which, up to that time, had been hidden from the popular historian. There was only one way of making this immense advantage a positive mischief to his readers, and that was the way which Mr. Froude adopted. He wrote his book with so much utter unscrupulousness, that no one who has had the opportunity of testing the truth can feel at all certain that the inaccessible documents which are so freely quoted by Mr. Froude do really say what he represents them as saying, and do not really say something else. It is, we suppose, mainly on this account that, though Mr. Froude passes in the newspapers as "Mr. Froude the historian," his work is not allowed to be used as an authority in the historical schools of any University, as far as we know—for we are not quite certain as to the London University. Probably a great historical opportunity has never been more completely thrown away. The history of those times will have to be written some day and the documents in Spain, England, and elsewhere, again utilized. For the conscientious historical inquirer Mr. Froude's work will be as if it had never been. We are not saying that there have not been other adventurers among documents almost as reckless as Mr. Froude. Some of his feats, however, seem to be quite unique—such, for instance, as the unvarying substitution of one name for another in a long historical document.

Such being the case as to the trustworthiness of Mr. Froude

in the manipulation of documents, it may be conceived that it is not without some misgivings that a certain part of the British public have heard that Mr. Froude has been selected, by Mr. Carlyle, as the depositary of an immense mass of letters and papers left behind him by that late illustrious author. Who knows what may come out of such editorship? The materials at Mr. Froude's disposal are of almost endless value and variety. He gives us the following account of them. About five years after the sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle, which took place in 1866, Mr. Carlyle placed in Mr. Froude's hands a collection consisting of her letters to himself and her friends during the forty years of her married life, with some prefatory adjuncts of his own. These letters, Carlyle thought, would serve at once the purpose, as far as it required serving, of a literary biography of himself, and of forming a monument to "a singularly gifted woman, who, had she so pleased, might have made a name for herself, and for his sake had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune." Mr. Carlyle warned Mr. Froude that the letters would require the most careful revision, containing, as they naturally did, abundance of anecdotes, expressions of feeling and of opinion, allusions and the like, which were never meant for publication, and quite unfit for it. At the time when this charge was intrusted to Mr. Froude, Mr. Carlyle was under the impression that his own end was nigh at hand.

As time went on—for this took place nearly ten years before his death—Mr. Carlyle found that, do what he might, his life was certain to be written, and he therefore decided to intrust to Mr. Froude a still more precious charge than that which he had already made over to him. "He made over to me all his private papers; journals, notebooks, letters, and unfinished or neglected writings." The stock of materials was immense. Carlyle was one of those methodical persons who, too often to the great detriment of charity and to the destruction of their neighbours' reputation, keep all the letters, or at least all the letters of any importance, which they receive, as well as anything they may write themselves. Carlyle's own letters to his family had also been preserved, and he had been in correspondence, after his name became known as a writer, with a great many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, not in this country only. Besides letters, there are diaries by himself and by his wife, revealing all their most private thoughts. The letters, Mr. Froude tells us, are as full of matter as the

richest of his published works. "His friends were not common men, and in writing to him they wrote their best. Of the many thousand letters in my possession, there is hardly one which, either on its special merits or through its connection with something that concerned him, does not deserve to be printed." Here, then, is all the literary heritage of which the public will expect Mr. Froude to give a good account. Fortunately he will write and select with the eyes of many upon him. Fortunately, as far as is apparent, he will have no overpowering temptation of prejudice or animosity to lead him aside from the straight path. But at the same time it must be confessed that the prospect before us, with regard to the forthcoming remains, or memoirs, or whatever they may be called, of Thomas Carlyle, is not the most inviting in the world. There are ironies in Providence—and the phenomenon before us is one of them.

The publication which has occasioned these remarks contains, of course, only a very small part of what Mr. Carlyle has left behind him. But these essays are exceedingly characteristic, highly valuable in themselves and in their relation to the personal history of the writer. They are the most complete un-bosoming of Carlyle that can be imagined as fit for publication. Mr. Froude found them among the papers confided to him, and he has judged, wisely enough, that if they are to be published at all they can quite bear the trial of separate publication. The two volumes before us contain only four sketches—one of Carlyle's father, the mason of Ecclefechan, another of Carlyle's friend and, in a certain sense, benefactor, the famous Edward Irving, a third of Lord Jeffrey, and a last of Carlyle's wife. There is an Appendix to the second volume, in which we find some notices of Southey and Wordsworth. Thus more than half the work is given to Carlyle's own family, while of Lord Jeffrey and of Irving he was very well qualified to speak, and had every reason to speak with friendly interest. In each case, too, the subject is one on which less brilliant writers than Thomas Carlyle would be readily listened to, if they had had but half of his opportunities of acquiring information.

It must at once be said that the sketches of Mr. Carlyle's own family—for many other members of his family are included in the two papers which principally deal with his wife and his father—are pleasant, genial, graphic, and characteristic in the highest degree. We have used one word in our description which we should not very often apply to Mr. Carlyle's writings

—for he is not, ordinarily, a genial writer. To call him cynical, would be to do him less than justice—for cynicism implies an amount of ill-nature, not to say, ill-will, which was not a predominant quality, as we think, in Thomas Carlyle, though his ever ready contemptuousness makes him often in danger of seeming ill-willed. He has his very hearty enthusiasms and his very tender affections, and these all flowed forth in abundant measure just on those on whom one is glad to see them shed and spent. His father was a splendid specimen of an honest, hardworking, God-fearing artisan, such as we are happy to think are not or were not confined to the regions north of the Tweed in this island of Great Britain. Mrs. Carlyle seems, by the verdict of a chorus of authorities, to have been quite worthy of the admiration and devotion which her husband lavished upon her, though whether he can really have desired, with his proud shyness, to have all his words concerning her printed and read all over the world in the few months after his own decease, may well be questioned. We suspect that he wrote from an uncontrollable impulse to set his thoughts free—writing was his one vent of thought and feeling, and he wrote these pages really for himself.

In saying that these sketches of his own father and wife and family are genial, we must limit our epithet to those parts of the papers which directly refer to the principal subjects to which they are devoted. The truth is that in almost all those sketches it is Carlyle himself who is the principal hero. The able papers on Lord Jeffrey and on Edward Irving are really on Jeffrey and Irving in their relations with Carlyle. So all through the book, it is autobiography more than anything else, especially in the memoir, so to call it, of Mrs. Carlyle, whose life naturally, after their marriage, was a part of his. The narrative becomes at last, for the greater part, very much an account of their life in London, and thus we are brought across people of all sorts and kinds, and as to the light thrown on them, it cannot be said to be always of the most genial hue. We attribute this very much to Carlyle's proud, independent, defiant nature, much also to his sense of the difficulty he had in making his way, while others—Irving, for example—were more successful, much to his narrow creed, much also to the state of his health. The great philosopher of clothes could not be angry with a critic who attributed a large influence over his judgments and opinions concerning the men with whom

he had to deal, to a cause much more intrinsic and proximately vital than a man's attire—such as the condition of his interior organization. Alas! alas! true it is, after all that sages have written, a good digestion on the one hand and dyspepsia on the other, may account for a good many cheery or uncomfortable views of mankind and of individuals, in sages who might be expected to rise above such influences. This may not be the whole account of the sort of cynicism which runs through so much of Carlyle's judgments of men, and things. But it seems to us to have a good deal to do with it, and it is impossible to tell what effect a life-long torment of this kind, when combined with the circumstances of education, under a dry repulsive creed, which did not survive the surges of his own intellectual questionings, and a constant struggle with what his proud nature deemed want of appreciation and success, may have had even on the formation of habits of thought and feeling towards a Power higher than man.

Without going into a question of this sort here, we may heartily rejoice that Carlyle had by his side during the forty years of his literary career—more or less—the bright joyous genial heart of which he writes so enthusiastically in these pages. It is in cases like his that we see the best influence of women of mind and heart. What he might have been in his books if he had had a Xanthippe at his ingle, no one can tell. But still, with all the softening influences of a happy home and the tenderest sympathy where he most required it, it cannot be denied that he is a cross judge and reporter of men who were not unfriendly to him. This will certainly be felt by the reader of the very brilliant sketches of which we are now speaking. Carlyle was naturally very much of a caricaturist. Indeed, we suspect that if the elements of his popularity could be submitted to a sifting analysis, the most influential of them all would turn out to be his descriptive powers, his knack of hitting off a character or an incident in a few sharp stinging words. A dangerous power, this, especially to a man who felt and thought, rightly or wrongly, that the world did not quite take him at his own price. It turns out now that he was for many years indigent, and only lately prosperous. He had to publish *Sartor Resartus* in *Fraser's Magazine*, and it first appeared in a separate form simply as made up from the magazine sheets stitched together. There may be some who think more highly than we can of his philosophy—to the mass of mankind he was interesting chiefly

because he was pungent, and if he had said just the same things in a dull prosaic "respectable" way, he would have had few followers.

If any one were to make out a list of the number of persons—many of them still alive, most of them with those who loved them and cared for them still alive—who are knocked off in these pages in Carlyle's lofty contemptuous way, as "dull," "hebetated" (a favourite word of his), "poor creatures," "stupid," "empty," and so on—he will see what we mean. There is a story in legal circles of a sporting judge, who was very anxious to get through his business on a certain morning while on circuit, that he might go and visit a trainer's stable in the neighbourhood. He had tried a man and his wife for some offence—the wife being in the opinion of good lawyers, unjustly condemned for some reason or other, and the sentences had been put off till the last moment. The judge sentenced the man to transportation, and forgot all about the points raised in favour of the wife. But he was in a hurry. "Let her go with her husband!" he angrily exclaimed, and rushed off to the trainer's. Carlyle is constantly sentencing people to an immortality of "dulness," as if simply to get rid of them. We are told nothing of them, but that they were stupid. But these are not the only victims of his cross-ness. It comes out when he is speaking of the men who were kind to him, and for whom he had a regard. Leigh Hunt—"an innocent-hearted, but misguided, in fact rather foolish, unpractical, and often much suffering man." John Stuart Mill—"had by this time introduced his Mrs. Taylor too"—the lady whom he afterwards married, and whom he worshipped quite as much as Carlyle his own wife—"a very will-o'-wispish iridescence of a creature; meaning nothing bad either. She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humour took her, but got taught better, to her lasting memory, before long. Mill was very useful about 'French Revolution,' lent me all his books, which were quite a collection on that subject, gave me frankly, clearly, and with zeal, all his better knowledge than my own, which was frequently of use in this or the other detail; being full of eagerness for such an advocate in that cause as he felt I should be. His evenings here were sensibly agreeable for the most part, talk rather wintry (sawdustish, as old Sterling once called it), but always well-informed and sincere. That Mrs. Taylor business was becoming

more and more of questionable benefit to him, we could see. But on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was pretty still. For several years he came hither and walked with me every Sunday. Dialogues fallen all dim; except that they were never in the least genial to me, and that I took them as one would wine when no nectar is to be had, or even thin ale, when no wine."

Then, again, a page or two further on—"Money I did get somewhere honestly, articles in *Fraser*, in poor Mill's (considerably hide-bound) *London Review Edinburgh*, I think, was out for me before this time." *Fraser*, the publisher, has just been mentioned as "poor scrubby but correctly arithmetical *Fraser*." Then Carlyle relates the birth of this *London Review*. "*London Review* was at last due to the charitable faith of young Sir William Molesworth, a poorish narrow creature, but an ardent believer in Mill Père (James), and Mill Fils. 'How much will your Review take to launch it, then?' asked he, all other Radical believers being so close of fist. 'Say £4,000,' answered Mill. 'Here then,' writing a cheque for that amount, returned the other. My private, altogether private feeling, I remember, was that they could with profit have employed me much more extensively in it; perhaps even (though of this I was candid enough to doubt), made me editor of it; let me try that for a couple of years; worse I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself did as editor (sawdust to the mast-head, and a croakery of crawling things, instead of speaking by men); but I whispered to none but her the least hint of all this; and oh! how glad I am now, and for long years back, that apparently nothing of it ever came to the thoughts or the dreams of Mill and Co."

Let us now hear Carlyle on Harriet Martineau—a person certainly about whom we could not expect to find him enthusiastic. "She was not unpleasant to talk to for a little, though through an ear trumpet, without which she was totally deaf. To admire her literary genius, or even her solidity of common sense, was never possible to either of us; but she had a sharp eye, an imperturbable self-possession, and in all things a swiftness of positive decision, which, joined to her evident loyalty of intention, and her frank, guileless, easy ways, we both liked. Her adorers, principally, not exclusively, 'poor whinnying old moneyed women in their well hung broughams, otherwise idle,' did her a great deal of mischief; and, indeed, as it proved, were

gradually turning her fine clear head (so to speak), and leading to sad issues for her. Her talent, which in that sense was very considerable, I used to think, would have made her a quite shining matron of some big female establishment, mistress of some immense dress shop, if she had a dressing faculty, which perhaps she had'nt, but was totally inadequate to grapple with deep spiritual and social questions, into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting. However she was very fond of us, me chiefly, at first, though gradually of both, and I was considerably the first that tired of her. . . . In a couple of years or so, our poor Harriet, nerves all torn by this racket, of 'fame,' so-called, fell seriously ill; threatening of tumour, of I know not what; removed from London (never has resided there since, except for temporary periods); took shelter at Tynemouth, 'to be near her brother-in-law, an expert surgeon in Newcastle, and have solitude and the pure sea air.' Solitude she only sometimes had, and in perfection, never; for it soon became evident she was constantly in spectacle there, to herself and to the sympathetic adorers, who refreshed themselves with frequent personal visits and continual correspondings; and had, in sad effect, so far as could be managed, the whole world along with self and company, for a theatre to gaze upon her. Life in the sick room, with 'Christus Consolator' (a paltry print then much canted of), &c., &c.; this and other sad books, and actions full of ostentation, done there, gave painful evidence, followed afterwards by painfuller, till the atheism, &c., &c."

These specimens will suffice to show the reader what he will find in these *Reminiscences* of Carlyle. To many the pungency will, no doubt, be an attractive element. We might have multiplied our instances almost indefinitely—for in these volumes he hits off Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey (who won him very much by admiring his *French Revolution*), Lamb, De Quincey, and numbers more. Carlyle, we repeat it, did not, in our opinion, mean to be ill-natured, nor did he think he was so. His views of the duty of not speaking out all he thought about his neighbours, were probably very different from those of Catholics—and his thoughts were commonly hard. This we conceive to be the whole account of the matter.

Louvois and the French Army.

PART THE THIRD.

HAVING seen something of Louvois' general organization and administration of the French army, with special reference to the principal abuses which had up to his time marred its efficiency, we come in the last place to the construction, design, and combination of the several parts of this complicated machine, and the tactical economy or direction of its aggregate force to the purposes of offensive and defensive warfare.

At the head of the French army in the seventeenth century, but distinguished from the rest of it by privileges of honour and pay, as well as by their internal organization and effective strength, stood the picked soldiers of the "Maison du Roi" and the Gendarmerie. Owing their existence and fame to Louis the Fourteenth, the men of these corps were originally mere carpet-knights, intended for service and parade in the palace, and for attendance upon the person of the Sovereign. Composed for the most part of men taken from the middle and agricultural classes, and allured into the service by exemption from the tax called tallage, and by the prospect of an idle life, they were not, any more than the modern National Guard or our own yeomanry and militia, distinguished by their warlike proclivities or by their keenness for the realities of active service. In 1664 Louvois, who hated shams, put an end to this state of things. He resolved to make of the King's Guards a *corps d'élite* in reality, and not in name only. He admitted into it none but tried soldiers and men who had done good service in the field. This was also the only corps in which purchase was altogether abolished. The higher commissions in these troops were invariably held by noblemen of the very highest rank or by the marshals of France, and the lower grades nearly always carried with them the rank of a general or superior officer in the army. Louvois exacted that the privates should be "Catholics in religion, in person well made, able to grow beards, and twenty-

eight years of age." He, moreover, required them to be, as far as possible, persons of gentle birth, and to have all previously served, the officers for a period of two, the privates for a period of four years, in the regular army. The term of enlistment lasted four years.

Immediately after the King's Body-guard came the Gendarmes and Light Horse of the Guard, consisting of two companies, with a strength of two hundred horsemen each, and the two companies of the King's Musketeers, recruited exclusively by young noblemen. The latter came little by little to be ranked with the cavalry of the King's military household, and were privileged to carry, as the badge of their twofold service on horse and foot, two sets of colours—the infantry ensign and the cavalry standard. They also claimed the post of danger as their right; they led the assault at sieges and stood in the front line on the field of battle. Although the Gendarmerie, a remnant of feudal chivalry and the survivors of Charles the Seventh's famous *compagnies d'ordonnance*, did not form, strictly speaking, a portion of the "Maison du Roi," they discharged much the same duties, and enjoyed nearly the same honours and privileges, as the troops of the Royal Household. Their numbers were gradually increased until they consisted in the war with Holland of eight companies of gendarmes and three of light horse. The four companies of the English, Scotch, Burgundian, and Flemish Gendarmes, the King's Musketeers, the Gendarmes and Light Horse of the Guard, all had the distinguished honour of being commanded by the Sovereign. Lastly, the Queen, the Dauphin, Monsieur, and the Duke of Anjou, each had their respective companies of gendarmes and light horse. The "Maison du Roi" and the Gendarmerie all told gave, in 1678, an effective total strength of three thousand four hundred light horsemen.

The term light horse is not used here in contradistinction to heavy cavalry. The heavy armour which had once formed a natural distinction between the mail-clad warrior and his more lightly equipped brother in arms, disappeared in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The cavalry officer's cuirass alone survived, which was, however, in defiance of the regulations, seldom worn except in battle, or when a gallant gentleman condescended to sit or stand for his portrait "with harness on his back." All cavalry, therefore, even the single regiment of Cuirassiers, which counted neither in the "Maison du Roi"

nor in the Gendarmerie, was reckoned light cavalry. But moral distinctions survived when outward differences of equipment had disappeared, and the Gendarmerie—a name which in modern times has lost somewhat by its association in our minds with police rather than military duty—was for many years the crack cavalry corps of the French army. True to the traditions of a glorious past, and animated by a genuine *esprit de corps*, it long maintained its high character for superior intelligence, discipline, and bravery, and was held up by Louvois to the rest of the army as a model for imitation. In 1668 he reorganized the whole of this fine body of men, and formed them into regiments, fifty horse to a company, and four companies to a squadron. The number of squadrons varied in the different regiments; there were three squadrons in those designated royal regiments, and two or three in the rest, which were known indiscriminately as gentlemen's regiments, and which changed their distinctive name as often as they passed from the hands of one proprietary colonel into those of another.

During the war against Holland, Louis the Fourteenth put in the field ninety regiments of cavalry, giving on January 1, 1678, a grand total of forty-seven thousand horsemen.

In the infantry, the two regiments of French and Swiss Guards stood to the soldiers of the line in the same relation as the Household Cavalry to the other regiments of horse. The French Guard consisted of thirty companies, of a hundred and fifty men each, divided into six battalions; the Swiss Guard had only ten companies of two hundred men each. In the infantry of the line the strength of a company was limited to one hundred men in the foreign, and to from fifty to sixty in the French regiments. In the early years of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth a battalion numbered twelve companies of equal strength, and a regiment comprised from twelve to fifteen battalions, but during the war with Holland the number was reduced to three or four. In 1667 Martinet made the experiment of setting apart in each company of the King's Regiment four privates, selected for superior intelligence and bravery, to be drilled in the use of the hand-grenade. The results were considered so successful, that the grenadiers of this regiment were united and formed into a separate company, having its position in battle on the right flank of the other companies. All infantry regiments came in process of time to have their own grenadiers. It was in the ranks of these men, as we have

seen, that the flint-lock musket first came into general use, to the exclusion of the old match-lock musket.

Although in dignity next to the Royal Guard, the King's Regiment by no means ranked first in military importance amongst the regiments which came after the Maison du Roi and the Gendarmerie. First in order, with an inalienable right to a position in the front line of battle, were the twelve oldest regiments of the line. These men were justly proud of the laurels they had won on many a hard-fought field, and of the prowess which had purchased for them the military title or sobriquet of *les vieux* and *les petits-vieux*, of which they were jealously tenacious and by which they were familiarly known to their fellow-countrymen. In this respect the older corps had the advantage of those which, changing their name, had, as it were, to start life afresh and make their reputation over again, with every change of colonel. Names famous and familiar as those of Picardie, Piémont, Champagne, Navarre, Normandie, and La Marine, were to the six regiments of *les vieux*, who bore them, a sufficient claim to recognition by the country of their merits and services. But when, for example, such a regiment as Rambures, which had had between the years 1612 and 1672 five colonels in succession from the same family, became metamorphosed into Feuquières, it was lost sight of by the public, and had therefore to earn fresh titles to distinction. When Louis the Fourteenth wanted in 1672 to give his own regiment a status in the army not belonging to it by right of seniority, he purchased its birthright, so to say, from one of these anonymous regiments, and thenceforth the King's Regiment took rank as the last of the six *petits-vieux*, in place of the regiment then known as the regiment of Saint-Vallier.

At the beginning of the war with Holland, Louis had in his pay sixty regiments of French and foreign infantry, exclusive of the Guards. In 1678 he had one hundred and twenty thousand men in the field, with an additional hundred thousand detained for garrison duty in the fortresses.

Closely connected with the infantry were the dragoons, or mounted musketeers, as they were sometimes called, whose duties were akin to those of light infantry or sharp-shooters. The horses they rode were smaller, of less value and strength, than those of the cavalry proper, and being therefore ill-adapted for making or receiving a charge, they were chiefly used for the

more rapid transport of their riders from one part of the field to another. Armed with the flint-lock musket and practised in infantry and cavalry drill, this corps of mounted infantry was available for services as various as they were useful. In addition to duties as foot soldiers, they also discharged many of the duties of light cavalry; they served as escorts to guard convoys, made reconnaissances in advance of columns on the march or covered their retreat, did outpost duty, furnished pickets, and strove to screen the movements of infantry by their rapid manœuvres on the front and flanks of the main army. In action they occupied the extreme flanks, and generally began the engagement, being thrown forward as skirmishers to harass the enemy or dispute with him the possession of an advanced position. When within musket reach of the enemy's fire they dismounted, and leaving their horses coupled together by a very simple contrivance of hooks and rings, under the guard of only two of their men, they extended in skirmishing order and opened fire. If hard pressed, or forced to retire, they ran back nimbly to their horses, sprang into the saddle, and galloped off to their supports. Numerically weak and made little account of before the year 1672, the dragoons achieved great distinction in the war with Holland. The quick eye of Louvois discerned their sterling qualities; he took them in hand, and made a *corps d'élite* of them. In less than ten years' time the dragoons, which in 1669 numbered only two regiments, had been increased to fourteen, with a total strength of ten thousand fighting men.

The mention of a military corps, half infantry half cavalry, suggests the propriety of a word in this place about the relative proportion of cavalry to infantry in the French armies of the seventeenth century. The official documents of the period, preserved in the Dépôt de la Guerre, all bear witness to the very important part assigned to the cavalry, which never fell below and often rose above a third of the total strength of the army. Foremost among the various reasons alleged to account for the preponderance of this branch of the service, are prejudices of caste on the part of the nobility and the general state of society at the time in France. No doubt the policy initiated by Richelieu, matured and continued by Mazarin and Louis the Fourteenth, of breaking the power of the nobility by making them followers and dependents of the King, had reacted on the organization of the army. With this object in view it had been judged desirable to give employment in the army to as many

young noblemen as possible. Now these young gallants entertained, naturally enough, a decided preference for service in regiments of horse, with an equally profound contempt for *la pédaillie*, as they nicknamed the infantry—a prejudice and a preference, moreover, inherited from feudal times, in which because little or no military power was intrusted to the serf, and the knight and his esquire disdained to fight on foot, the nucleus of the army had been made up of cavalry recruited from the ranks of the upper classes.

The action of Government, also, fostered instead of discouraging a spirit which survived in full force when the feudal system was all but extinct. Of two peasants recruited from the same village, the one for service in the infantry, the other for service in the cavalry, whilst the former remained the nonentity he had ever been, getting all the kicks and none of the pence, his more fortunate comrade, the cavalier, with better pay and appointments, grew into a personage of considerable importance, being styled in official language a *master*, and the company or squadron to which he belonged being said to consist respectively of fifty or two hundred *masters*. Repugnance to service in the infantry was of course even more strongly marked amongst the officers than amongst the privates. A commission in a regiment of foot was thought unbecoming the dignity of a gentleman; the nobility consequently all crowded into the cavalry, and left the infantry to be recruited from the ranks of the middle or lower classes, and to be officered by adventurers and soldiers of fortune. A chance remark of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter witnesses to this contempt of the nobility for a commission in the infantry. "M. d'Ambres," she writes, April 8, 1671, "is delighted to have done with the infantry, that is to say, to be out of hospital." And yet this gentleman, be it remarked, had had the honour of commanding the regiment of Champagne, one of the *vieux*, and therefore one of the oldest and most distinguished infantry corps in the service.

Louvois set his face resolutely against this tendency. He made a term of service in the infantry compulsory on all, no matter what their social rank, before they could aspire to a commission in the cavalry. Those whom he had forcibly enlisted he endeavoured to retain in foot regiments by attaching special privileges and advantages to them, and, in particular, by holding out hopes of a more rapid promotion in this branch

of the service. But, after all, the preference of the aristocracy for the cavalry was due to something more than antiquated prejudice and the narrow pride of a class; it rested also on the immense superiority, constantly attested by the most experienced officers in the army, and admitted by Louvois himself, of cavalry to infantry as an engine of war—a superiority which, yielding to gradual improvements in the construction of fire-arms, has in our own day altogether disappeared before modern weapons of precision.

Cavalry, as an instrument of war, has always wielded an inherent strength of its own. Its power, we take it, essentially consists in the dash, rapidity, and weight with which it rides down all opposition in the field. Improved systems of drill and manœuvre, a more intelligent training of the horse and its rider, may indeed develope the sphere of its usefulness, but can do little to add to the essential power of cavalry, which lies mainly in the application of brute force. Infantry, on the contrary, started life in comparative impotency. In the early days of its existence, except when fighting behind natural or artificial bulwarks of some kind, like the English archers at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, infantry was powerless to withstand the shock of cavalry. The introduction of fire-arms had done so little to lessen the advantages of the horse over the foot soldier, that even in the days of Louis the Fourteenth the distance between the two arms was immense, in spite of every effort made to diminish it. Improvements in fire-arms were of very slow growth, and the musketeer of the seventeenth was for a long time little better armed than the arquebusier of the sixteenth century. The loading of a musket was a long, complicated, and somewhat difficult operation, and the arm itself in the hands of a man attacked before he had time to fire, was not so serviceable a weapon as a good stout cudgel, and a great deal more cumbersome. In attacking infantry, the musketeer advanced to the charge sword in hand, and with his musket slung over the shoulder; but as weapons of defence against the attacks of cavalry, his arms were valueless.

The misfortunes of the foot soldier, though they began, did not end with a clumsy and in every respect faulty weapon. His defective equipment gave rise to further mischief in the defective system of tactics it entailed. The cavalry of the period had the immense advantage of being a homogeneous body, capable of one common, united, and simultaneous action;

a regiment or a battalion of foot, on the contrary, composed of musketeers and pikemen, two distinctly heterogeneous bodies of men, was so armed as to be necessarily incapable of little more than divided and alternate action. This was the prescribed method of receiving cavalry. First, the musketeer discharged his piece, when it could be persuaded to go off, the pikeman in the meantime standing by idle and useless. If the discharge of fire-arms did not arrest the charge, it then became the pikeman's duty to act, the musketeer becoming in his turn an idle, but a by no means disinterested spectator of the combat; for if this last attempt at defence failed, it was all over with both pikeman and musketeer—they were cut down and ridden over. There was, however, just one little glimmer of hope still left in the weight and consequent immobility secured to the whole body by the depth of its formation. Whilst the squadron was drawn up only three deep, the battalion had a depth of six or eight, and when it was composed of raw levies, of even ten men. But what was gained in one direction was lost in another; since extension of front being in inverse proportion to depth of formation, the already weak fire of the battalion or regiment was still further weakened by recourse to this very primitive principle of fighting by heavy masses with little tactical organization—so much so indeed that out of a force of six hundred men, often no more than a poor hundred or hundred and twenty were in a position to fire a shot before the cavalry was down upon them. How to feed this fire, which must always be the main defence of infantry, at least in the open, against the attacks of cavalry, without a proportionately great sacrifice of strength, weight, and solidity in formation, this was at once the puzzle and the despair of tacticians in the seventeenth century. The problem was not solved until, by the introduction of the bayonet and by later improvements in the precision of fire-arms, the uses of the musket and the pike were merged in a single weapon wielded by the hands of one man, and the musketeer and the pikeman disappeared to give place to the modern foot soldier, so perfectly armed, that infantry in our own day has been known when extended in a long thin line, only two ranks deep, to baffle and repel the fiercest onsets of cavalry.

Louvois was not destined to see more than the faint dawn of a better day, or to do more than merely pave the way to the emancipation of the French infantry from the state of

tutelage in which it still was at the time of the great administrator's death. The military regulations of this period strictly forbade a general to march infantry through an enemy's country without the protection of an escort of cavalry. Where this precaution has not been taken, whole battalions have been known, when surprised in open country, to lay down their arms. No stronger argument is needed to establish the superiority in those days of cavalry over infantry, to explain the preference of the nobility for service in the cavalry, and to account for the large proportion of horse to foot soldiers found in the French armies of Louis the Fourteenth during this period of his reign.

Before passing further we will here supplement what has already been said about the duties and grades of regimental officers, with a few details about those of general officers, as this will lead up naturally to the division and arrangement of the whole army on actual service in the field. The grouping of the various battalions and squadrons of the French army was by brigades, commanded by regimental colonels or majors, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. In 1667 Louis created brigadiers of cavalry, with the regular status and permanent rank of general officers in the army; in 1668 he did the same for the infantry, and a few years later for the dragoons. Thus the office of brigadier-general, now definitely established in the army, became the first step from the rank of a regimental to that of a general officer; it was, moreover, not open to purchase. Nevertheless, a colonel promoted to brigadier still retained his regiment; nor indeed was it absolutely necessary to have attained the rank of colonel to be promoted to brigadier. Martinet was amongst the first to get this step, having been promoted in 1668, when he was still only lieutenant-colonel of the King's Regiment. But then he was also Inspector-General of Infantry, and Louvois therefore wished to give him, together with higher rank, a greater weight of authority over the regimental colonels he was to visit and inspect. Catinat and Vauban, also, both owed to Louvois their promotion to the rank of brigadier without having first commanded a regiment. Distinguished service is always a sufficient warrant for exceptional favours. Happy the Minister who knows how and when to bestow them!

Then as now, from brigadier an officer rose to be major and lieutenant-general. The functions of the two last mentioned grades were scarcely distinguishable the one from the other.

The major-general was a kind of duplicate of the lieutenant-general, whose duties were very much akin in character to those of a modern general of division. Unlike the brigadier, whose sphere of action was restricted to a particular arm of the service, a major-general and a lieutenant-general commanded horse or foot indifferently. Louvois refused to make any alterations in this respect, and to the representations of the Duke of Luxemburg on the subject, in 1677, returned for answer that, though on the whole it would be better if officers were once for all appointed to command either cavalry or infantry, he nevertheless thought there was guarantee enough against the inconveniences likely to arise from the present system, in the care taken to place in supreme command of the King's armies officers gifted with discernment and invested with authority sufficient to enable them to put the right men in the right place. The general-in-chief, therefore, was the person responsible for the assignment of the various commands, for the general plan of the campaign, and for the distribution and arrangement of the troops on active service in the field.

Contrary to the custom prevailing in modern armies, in which the number of divisions varies with the effective strength of the whole force, a French army in the seventeenth century was invariably divided, no matter what the number of its brigades, into seven divisions. The order of battle consisted of two main lines and a reserve force. Each of the former comprised two corps of infantry in its centre, and a corps of cavalry on its right and left flanks, whilst the reserve was made up of troops of horse and foot united into a single corps. There were then in all, to use a term which had not as yet come into use, seven divisions, four of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of a composite character. Each division was commanded by a lieutenant-general, or, in default of a lieutenant-general, by a major-general. The troops belonging to the "Maison du Roi" and the Gendarmerie occupied the post of honour—the former on the right flank, and the latter in the centre of the first line. The various battalions and squadrons of the whole force were drawn up at distances from one another equal to the extension of their respective fronts, in such fashion that, like the black and white squares of a chess-board, the solid formation of the first line corresponded to the intervals in the formation of the second, and *vice versâ*. This formation, in general use among the armies of the day, whether French or foreign, neces-

sarily underwent modifications to suit the nature of the ground on which they moved, or to meet the different requirements and shifting incidents of the battle itself. We have hitherto said little or nothing about the artillery, because its organization was perfectly distinct from that of the rest of the army. Independent even of the Minister of War, this third and most important arm of the service was, as we have seen, under the sole command and absolute control of its Grand Master. This official ranked amongst the great officers of the Crown, and had the disposal by sale of all the commissions in the artillery. Except for the warlike nature of his duties, an artillery officer had as little of the military character about him as a modern "douanier" or a "sergent-de-ville." He owned no connection with the officers of the other two arms of the service, and even affected disdain for those on whose good will, nevertheless, there being as yet no regular artillerymen in existence, he was to a great extent dependent for hands to work his guns. The superior officers among "the gentlemen of artillery," as artillery officers were sometimes called, next in rank to the Grand Master, or Master-General of Ordnance, were designated, with bewildering indifference to the ordinary acceptation of terms, either lieutenants-general, or simply lieutenants of artillery; then followed, still among the higher grades, a number of provincial commissaries, and commissaries ordinary and extraordinary. In the inferior grades were numbered the officers, whose duty it was to point the guns, master-gunners, who held officers' commissions, the commanders and drivers of the waggon-train, and lastly, skilled artificers in wood and iron. The following, for example, was the *personnel*, in 1674, of of an artillery train proportioned to a force of twenty thousand foot and a thousand horse: "One lieutenant-general, or lieutenant of artillery, seven provincial, twelve ordinary, and ten extraordinary commissaries, a controller's clerk, a clerk of the guard, six officers to point and six officers to discharge the field-pieces, seventeen gunners, eight miners, one artificer, three commanders and six drivers of waggons, one turner, one cooper, six carpenters, eight cartwrights, six sawyers, six smiths, a chaplain, a surgeon with his assistant, a quarter-master, and a provost-marshal." This list, it will be seen, is exclusive of the men who were borrowed from the ranks of the line to serve as makeshifts for artillerymen. Lastly, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to know, as

the fact discloses a state of things so totally at variance with our own way of managing the same matters, that in siege operations it was the practice of the Government to contract with the artillery officers for the construction and working of the required number of batteries. For this purpose there was a fixed scale or tariff, according to which an officer received a sum varying from one hundred to four hundred crowns for every piece of ordnance mounted in position, fit and ready for use. Besides the guns and ammunition, together with everything necessary for their transport, mounting, and working, the King also paid from ten to twenty crowns a day, of twenty-four hours' duration, for the service of every gun, the contracting officers undertaking on their side to pay to every soldier, hired to work as an artilleryman, twenty sous a day and twenty sous a night; the balance—and from what we have seen of speculation in other departments of the army we may be sure it was a good balance—was the perquisite of the officers. The profits of the Grand Master, in particular, were enormous. Amongst the numerous sources of his income was the following: on the capture of a hostile town, castle, or fortress, which had put the French army to the trouble and expense of firing a single shot before capitulating, every object, great and small, made of bronze, copper, and iron, artillery-pieces alone excepted, from the church bells down to the commonest utensils of domestic housewifery, became the property of the Master-General of Ordnance, who, if the magistrates did not make haste to compound with him, carried them off and sold them.

Louis the Fourteenth is indebted to the improvements made by his Minister of War both in the *matériel* and *personnel* of this department for the credit he enjoys of having been the first sovereign of France to give the comparatively new arm a permanent establishment. Louvois began his reforms in the artillery at the top of the tree, just as he had begun them in the infantry and cavalry, by the abolition of the office of Colonel-in-chief. Begrudging the Grand Master neither his emoluments nor his dignities, both of which he respected with the utmost scrupulosity, but jealous of his excessively independent and irresponsible position, Louvois set to work ruthlessly to lop and prune the overgrowth of that exalted official's authority. Addressing himself to the task with his usual vigour, tempered by prudence, he gradually pared down the all but sovereign powers of this office, until at last the Grand Master found himself subject,

like all other high officers of the army, to the supreme control of the Minister of War. The latter, avoiding as much as possible every pretext for an open quarrel, selected for the dignity men the least capable of defending their pretensions against his systematic encroachments. The first Grand Master whom he encountered in his path was the Duke de Mazarin, a man less remarkable for ability than notorious for ridiculous quarrels with his wife, which had made him objectionable to the King, the Court, and the country at large. A little judicious pressure on the part of Louvois forced him, in 1669, to resign. But for the strenuous opposition of the Minister, a fool would have been succeeded in the office by a madman, Lauzun by name, whose bold and indomitable spirit, backed by the favour he enjoyed with the King, might have proved more than a match for even the astute Louvois. The latter, however, contrived to get him put aside in favour of the Count de Lude, a gentleman of ability and high honour, but of a mild and manageable temper. A man of this character Louvois found no difficulty in stripping of the prerogatives of his office, and in bringing into subjection to himself.

The virtual abolition of the Grand Master's office was a little revolution in itself, and took from first to last nearly ten years in accomplishing. But, once effected, Louvois determined to incorporate the whole of the artillery into the regular army, by the creation and organization of a corps of artillerymen. This he did by the formation, in 1671, of a regiment of royal fusiliers, composed of gunners and workmen, which was so rapidly augmented, that in the following year it consisted of two battalions with a strength of thirteen companies each. The step was in reality not so much the creation of a new, as the increase of an old corps and its adaptation to a novel purpose. As a body of infantry, and before their separation from the troops of the line to take up the duties of artillerymen, the fusiliers had by their bravery and general efficiency earned the eulogium passed upon them by Vauban of being the finest body of men in the world. Even after their transference to the artillery, they were still considered as infantry of the line, and were distinguished from other regiments of foot only by the weapon they carried, and the special nature of the duties they had to perform. They were all armed with the fusil, or flint-lock musket; musketeers and pikemen found no place in their ranks; in battle they were attached to no particular brigade, and

belonged neither to the first or second line, nor to the reserve, but followed the guns, which it was their duty to guard and to serve wherever these went, and were divided into as many detachments as there were field-batteries, or, as they used then to be called, brigades of artillery. A few years later, that is, in 1676, Louvois formed, in addition to the fusiliers, two free companies of bombardiers. In the meantime he enlisted the interest of the Grand Master himself in the fortunes of the fusiliers, by appointing him colonel of the newly-constituted regiment, and investing him with authority over both troops of the line and artillerymen, whenever these had to act in concert sufficient to prevent or patch up quarrels inevitable among bodies of men of different military origin and traditions, and bring them to live and work harmoniously together.

By these and other less important changes we need not detail, Louvois drove the thin end of the wedge firmly into the old organization of the artillery; but he was in no hurry to multiply all at once the distinctively military functions of a body which had hitherto paraded the civil rather than the military side of its character before the country. He was content for the present with attempting to rescue the commission of artillery officer from its obscurity, and to make his profession a title to distinction, and a position of honour eagerly coveted by the rest of the army. With this end in view, he selected from amongst the principal officers next in rank to the Grand Master two or three of the most active and intelligent, to whom he assigned the rank and pay, but not the ordinary duties, of general officers in the army. By a strange perversity, however, these gentlemen, hitherto so touchily exclusive in their habits, once promoted to higher rank, began to give trouble, and to think themselves hardly used because they were not allowed to neglect their duties as artillerymen for what they conceived to be their new duties. We find Louvois, accordingly, writing repeated and peremptory instructions to such men as Marshal Schönberg and the Duke of Luxemburg to keep these newly-fledged generals strictly to their duties as artillerymen, and explaining at some length how, in the particular instance of M. Dumetz, the King had never meant, in raising him from the rank of a lieutenant of artillery to that of major-general in the army, to distract his attention from functions quite incompatible with the ordinary duties of a major-general, but solely by his promotion to put him over the heads of both cavalry

and infantry brigadiers in charge and command of artillery escorts. In vain the officers resisted, entreated, remonstrated with him; Louvois stood firm, but as the extreme limit of his condescension, he allowed Dumetz, much as one might humour the whim of a froward, peevish child, to take his turn just once, and to discharge, for a space of twenty-four hours only, the duties of a major-general in the army. The delicate handling needful to manage without souring such an impracticable character as this Dumetz seems to have been—who, be it remembered, was no ordinary personage, but to all intents and purposes, the first man in his department, now that the Master of Ordnance had become little better than its titular head—throws light on another class of troubles, in themselves mere trifles light as air, but which when taken in the aggregate and in connection with more formidable obstacles to reform, may well have swelled the burden to dimensions heavy enough to weigh down broader shoulders and break a more stubborn will than those even of the unyielding Louvois.

Besides bettering the condition of the *personnel*, the reforms of Louvois also effected great improvements in the *matériel* of the French artillery. But as their enumeration would prolong this paper to a wearisome length, they may be summarized in a couple of sentences. The calibres of the guns were reduced in number and made uniform, and those then adopted have, we believe, remained unaltered up to the present day. Siege and field carriages were greatly improved, platform-waggons for the transport of guns came into use, and wrought iron field-carriages, mortar-carriages, and carriages for coast-batteries, were introduced about this time. Finally, schools of instruction were established, and the arm came at last to be recognized as a special branch of the service.

But there was yet another department of the French army which called for the wise and energetic interference of Louvois quite as loudly as the artillery—we mean the Military Engineers. Unlike the artillery, the engineers did not form a corps, separate and distinct from the rest of the army, but were an integral part of the infantry. Engineer officers ranked primarily as officers of the line; they were engineers quite secondarily, and, as it were, only on sufferance. So strictly, indeed, were they tied to regimental duty, that Vauban himself, when superintending, in 1667, the construction of the fortifications of Lille, was obliged to sue, as a special favour, for exemption from the duties inci-

dental to the rank of captain which he then held in the army. In fact, the entire department was in a state of well-nigh hopeless confusion. The construction or repair of the fortifications was executed without any uniformity of plan or design; civil engineers were engaged for the purpose in one place, naval constructors in another, with here and there a handful of military engineers; the work, moreover, lacked the guidance of a single head and hand. The four principal Secretaries of State, to each of whom belonged the administration of one-fourth of all the provinces in the kingdom, took charge of the fortified places situated within the limits of their respective departments. But even this division of labour was made on no intelligent or intelligible principle; otherwise we should have expected to find the provinces bordered by the sea-coast falling naturally to the Minister of Marine, and the frontier provinces to the Secretary of War. Nothing of the kind. By a happy-go-lucky partition, scarcely less grotesque in its results than would be the union in our own country of the War Office with the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the handing over of the Admiralty to the Upper House of Convocation—Brittany and Provence fell to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Guyenne to the Minister of Public Worship. By this anomalous arrangement, Colbert, the Minister of Marine, was shut out from the sea-coast and given the northern frontier instead. As for Louvois, he had to be satisfied for a time with Dauphiné, Rousillon, and the County of Artois. The war with Holland, however, soon helped to get rid of this ridiculous and unfair division; and Louvois' department, in particular, was enlarged by the addition to it first of Alsace and Lorraine, and then of Franche Comté. Thenceforth, at any rate in the War Minister's provinces, the construction or repairing of fortifications afforded ample room for the display of a skill and genius which had until then had few opportunities of winning their way to fame and recompense.

In fact, no position could be more unsatisfactory than that of a military engineer in the French army during the first half of the seventeenth century. In all siege operations the heavy work whether of attack or defence fell upon his shoulders; he it was who stood the hardest knocks, whilst others reaped the honours and rewards. For a very long time the engineer was a kind of pariah in the French army. In one respect especially, his condition was not very unlike that of our own Engineers not a hundred years ago. Able men were not

expected of this branch of the service, any more than good men had been looked for from Nazareth of old; and so for the engineer officer there was no rise in the army. The spirit of Vauban rebelled against this injustice, and in 1674 he petitioned Louvois in favour of one of his juniors, on the ground that some hope of promotion was absolutely necessary to keep the most promising men in the service from losing all heart and throwing up an honourable profession in disgust on the first opportunity. Indeed, encouragement was at once right well deserved and sadly needed by young men, who had in most cases generously volunteered into the engineers from the ranks of the cadets, or from the lower grades of the infantry, but who, if they came scatheless out of battle, were not always so successful on rejoining their several companies in escaping the sneers of comrades jealous of their superior attainments, or the ill-will of chiefs, who when not hostile were at least indifferent to those they considered as aliens in the regiment.

Plainly these hardships of the engineers would have been very much lessened, if like the artillery they had been *sui juris*, and had had a separate and independent existence of their own. As it was, the strength of the body was frittered away by its dispersion in the different regiments of the line, whence engineer officers were occasionally summoned, as circumstances might require, for the discharge of distinctly professional duties. Thus their isolation from one another effectually prevented any combined action on their part for the redress of their grievances, and in particular for the removal of the obstacles which barred the road to promotion against the ablest men in their ranks. Vauban himself, the confidential adviser of Condé and Turenne, honoured with the esteem of Louis the Fourteenth and the friendship of his Minister, and with a name already famous not only in France but throughout Europe, at the mature age of forty-one had not risen higher in his profession than the rank of captain. All that the authorities could plead in extenuation of such cruel injustice was, that it was not customary for an engineer to rise higher. At last Louvois broke through this absurd custom and created quite a commotion in the army by the advancement of Vauban to the rank of Brigadier-General. His commission is dated August 30, 1674. Two years later he was promoted Major-General. True, his powers and duties were restricted in the same way as those of general officers in the artillery, and were limited to the command of infantry in

fortified towns. Nevertheless a precedent had been established, and the entire body soon forced its way through the gap in the hedge made by its head.

But, after all, the combined efforts of Louvois and Vauban for the organization of the engineers on a better footing did not, from one cause or another, amount to very much, at least in their own time. It was, however, something to have opened out a new and a more prosperous era in the history of this corps. Vauban elaborated a scheme, accepted with some amendments by Louvois, by which the engineers were to be divided into two perfectly distinct categories, consisting respectively of ordinary and extraordinary members. The first category was to comprise the men most conspicuous for scientific ability and for proficiency in the knowledge of their professional duties, who were to be appointed by the King, to be paid a fixed and a liberal salary, and to be exempt from regimental duty in the line. It was proposed to employ this class chiefly in the more general, scientific, and constructive branch of the profession, such as the erection and repair of fortifications, the making of surveys, the construction of roads, canals, bridges—in a word, on all works of the kind for military purposes. Finally, they were to take the lead in all siege operations, offensive and defensive. But in this last capacity they were to be assisted by supernumerary engineers belonging to the second category we have spoken of. These, on the contrary, were to continue scattered up and down in the several regiments of the line, but were to receive besides the ordinary pay of an infantry officer an annual sum of five hundred livres, in consideration of which they would be liable to be called upon, when occasion required, to do siege duty. These plans of reform were, however, only partially executed, and the men belonging to the first or ordinary category of engineers remained for a long time still liable to at least occasional service in the line. At best, therefore, the engineers now formed a new corps, which, if more distinct from the rest of the army and more independent of it than heretofore, retained nevertheless enough of its old composite and heterogeneous character to mar its thorough efficiency.

Louvois' failure to effect a radical reform in the organization of the engineers is at least balanced by his successful establishment of a thoroughly efficient Commissariat Department. In the old armies of France everything down to the recruiting

of the men was, as we have said, let out by the State to private contract. The organization of a military transport train properly so called was reserved for modern times. So late as the close of last century, the food of the soldier, beasts of draught and burden, the horses, carriages, and drivers necessary for the service of artillery and for the transport of ammunition and provisions, were all furnished by private contract. Such a system was only another door left wide open for the entrance of endless speculation into the army. The officers and contractors filled their pockets at the expense of the State, but the soldiers starved. To Louvois belongs the honour of having first solved the problem, how to feed and provision armies. Before his time the officers, high and low, were supremely indifferent on this head; their business was to line their purses, not the bellies of their hungry men. "I remember," Vauban writes to Louvois in September, 1677, "when we were in the enemy's country in the old war, we were sometimes three weeks at a time without a ration of bread." And earlier still in January, 1675, we find a sad picture drawn by the same hand of the plight to which the garrisons in the towns of France were reduced. "Things are going from bad to worse and fill me with apprehension, for when I see fortified towns garrisoned by striplings and poor wretches, torn by violence from their homes, robbed in a hundred different ways, and commanded by officers often no better off than their men, I really tremble for the monarchy—all the more, that I see nothing to begin upon for the production of a better state of things, because in the majority of cases the soldiers, half-naked and reduced to starvation, are housed like pigs, a state of things which, if we are to believe the priests and doctors in charge of them, is the principal cause of the sickness and mortality prevalent amongst the troops." The garrison of Charleroi, in particular, was reduced in 1665 to an incredible state of want and squalor. The men were lodged four to a bed in hovels sometimes half a foot deep in mud and water, without bread to eat or wholesome water to drink, or fire to keep out the damp and cold, or doctor to attend the sick, or priest to shrive the dying. The Marquis de Bellefonds, in command of the place, was in despair, and wrote to Louvois imploring him with grim humour to devise some means of persuading the soldiers to look upon Charleroi not quite as Hell, but only as Purgatory. Louvois took the hint and raised the pay of the garrison, until he could

adopt more sweeping measures. In such a state of things discipline went inevitably to the wall. If the private had his days of occasional feasting, these were followed again by long weary fasts, during which he supported life by plunder. Louvois, who never cared to set on foot large armies not under due control, made the question of their daily bread one of his first and chiefest concerns. "When we have some fifty thousand men," he writes to Vauban in January, 1671, "all massed together on the same spot for six weeks at a stretch, my first anxiety is how to fill their mouths." In this spirit he hit upon the plan of establishing in the interior and on the frontiers of France large magazines or military store-houses, provided with all things needful for the equipment, arming, clothing, and provisioning of the armies of France.

The idea, if not a stroke of genius, was that of a practical, orderly, provident mind, and though so simple in appearance, the enemies of France, quite as much interested as she was in its adoption, experienced such difficulty in executing the plan, when after long hesitation they resolved to follow the example of their great rival, as never to have met with anything like her success. The establishment of these military store-houses doubled the efficiency and strategic value of the French armies. Foreign cavalry, for example, unprovided with magazines of the kind to fall back upon, were often condemned to inaction for want of them, and obliged to wait until vegetation was forward enough to permit them to take the field, whereas the French cavalry, with a plentiful supply of dry forage, was always in a condition, no matter what the season of the year, for active service. To say nothing of expeditions, such as that into Franche Comté, undertaken in the heart of winter, the armies of Louis the Fourteenth were ready to begin a campaign at least a month in advance of the enemy. Louvois, with his mind made up that the men should not want bread for a single day, bound the commissariat on pain of severe penalties to take care that every fortified town was supplied with grain for six and flour for two months, and, in addition to general magazines established on the frontier for the exclusive support of armies in active service, he organized a transport corps to follow them on the march. In this way and with the intelligent cooperation of men like Saint-Pouenge, Chamley, Jacquier, and Berthelot, whom he appointed to superintend the civil and military details of the newly founded commissariat,

Louvois organized victory and conquest for his master. For, whilst the armies of the powers in coalition against France were often confined to their quarters for want of supplies, the King of France was in no such perplexity. Thanks to Louvois' forethought and timely precautions, recruits were enlisted and drilled in good time; the magazines were numerous, well within reach, all replenished—some with arms, powder, and shot, others with flour, oats, and hay; the fortresses were carefully re-victualled, the zeal of commissariat officers was stimulated by the watchfulness of the King's commissioners, and the latter were kept to their duty by the sharp eye and vigorous hand of the Minister of War himself. The army was, therefore, in a state of constant readiness.

In close connection with this department there is only one more detail, which requires a passing word before we conclude the whole subject by the mention of Louvois' greatest, most lasting, and glorious foundation—the Hôtel des Invalides. Besides providing more plentiful and more wholesome food and better quarters for the troops, Louvois paid particular attention to their clothing. Strictly economical, and with a praiseworthy detestation of waste and extravagance, he cared little for mere show in the dress of either officers or men. It was with difficulty he allowed the former to wear gold or silver lace on their coats; to the non-commissioned officers and privates such trimmings were absolutely forbidden. "It is preposterous," he writes in May, 1688, "to think of permitting sergeants to wear velvet facings, or gloves, or lace cravats. The purchase of ribands to put on their hats, shoulders, and scarves is also to be prohibited to sergeants; pikemen must not be made to wear gloves, nor officers trunk-hose of velvet." He condemned the cost of fifty livres for a non-commissioned officer's coat as a piece of foolish waste, a dozen crowns being in his opinion quite enough to give for the article in question—all the more that, in nine cases out of ten, the sergeant thus bedecked would have to pay dear for his captain's extravagant vanity, since the latter generally recouped himself out of his subaltern's pay. But if a sworn enemy of waste, Louvois, was no less opposed to anything like niggardliness. He aimed at training his subordinates to hit the happy mean between the two extremes. Thus we find him sometimes writing to the military inspectors in terms such as the following: "The King has been informed that certain captains are in the habit of

giving out shoes to their men to wear on parade, which they take up again when that duty is over, leaving them to go barefoot at other times." Or again: "The King has learnt that a great number of infantry officers hoard up in their own quarters the coats which they allow their men to wear only when passing in review before the inspector, suffering them to appear on ordinary occasions in rags. I have the King's commands to make it known that, whilst far from disapproving of the economy which endeavours to make the men's clothing last as long as possible, his Majesty insists that their every-day attire be such as to protect them against the weather, and be not in any respect so shabby as to excite the derision of strangers passing through our towns. The King desires you to keep a tight hand on the officers in this respect." With Louvois, as with our own Wellington, and, indeed, all military organizers worthy of the name, the soldiers' boots seem to have been one of his strongest points. We find him again and again returning to the subject. "Take care," he writes to Saint-Pouenge in 1690, "you see the boots you distribute actually put into the soldier's own hands, otherwise the officers, who try to make a penny out of everything, will infallibly sell them for their own profit."

Attention to details, minute and close as Louvois' was, may appear to the reader excessive, but it was rendered necessary by the knavery of the officers, which was no sooner checked in one direction than it broke out in another. Thus, long after our old friend the *passe-volant* had been dead and buried, his ghost continued to haunt the army, and it was not at all an uncommon occurrence, when the interchange of privates had ceased, for the clothes, arms, and accoutrements of one company to find their way into another, that they might do duty in the eyes of the inspector for the kit of both. Louvois was as severe and uncompromising in his dealings with negligent officers, however high their rank, as he was generous in his encouragement of the careful. The following is a specimen of his manner of accosting the former, furnished us by a letter from Madame de Sévigné, an eye-witness of the incident, to her daughter, bearing the date of February 4, 1689. "M. de Louvois," writes this incomparable letter-writer, "exclaimed out loud to M. de Nogaret: 'Your company, sir, is in a very bad state.' 'Sir,' was the answer, 'I was not aware of it.' 'You ought to be aware of it,' retorted M. de Louvois. 'Have you seen it?' 'No, sir,' said Nogaret. 'You

ought to have seen it, sir.' 'I will look to it, sir.' 'You ought to have looked to it ages ago. Now, sir, one of two things: once for all, either proclaim yourself a courtier out and out, or else do your duty as an officer.'" This is Louvois all over, and it would have been well for the French soldier in the disastrous campaigns against Germany ten years ago if Marshal Leboeuf's unfortunate brag about the buttons had been warranted by something of the provident care which distinguished his great predecessor at the War Office two centuries before.

Better fed, housed, and clothed, and more regularly paid than heretofore, the French soldier was henceforth in a better condition to encounter the risks and fatigues of his profession. But not all imaginable care will make a man proof against disease or clothe him with invulnerability, and nothing is therefore more just and reasonable than that those who have freely exposed life and limb, and been prodigal of their best blood and strength in defence of their country, should themselves enjoy in failing health or declining years the peace and repose secured to others by their own bravery and endurance. This much is due to them for past services. But Louvois knew that regard for the sick, wounded, and infirm is also the best policy to secure the future welfare of an army, since, where enlistment is voluntary, no spectacle is so calculated to deter men from embracing the military career as the sad sight of worn-out soldiers abandoned by a thankless Government to an old age of misery and want. Actuated by motives such as these, he had long ago taken into his own hands the general direction of existing hospitals, with a view to their greater efficiency. Hitherto hospital directors had been contractors before all else, constantly suspected and often convicted of sacrificing public duty to private interest, and of trading for their own benefit on the sufferings of the sick and wounded under their care. As Controller-General of Hospitals, the title he gave himself, Louvois very soon removed this radical defect, which had vitiated the whole system and nullified any good it might otherwise have produced. Besides a permanent hospital in every garrison town, he also attached a movable ambulance corps to armies in the field.

There was however as yet no abiding asylum for the maimed, crippled, or infirm old soldier, so frequently to be seen in those days soliciting the alms of the passer-by, more scared than touched by the ghastly objects appealing to his charity. Not that former Kings of France had not endeavoured to alleviate

the sufferings of their humbler companions in arms. On the contrary, the numberless abbeys, monasteries, and livings in the gift of the King or his barons, had for centuries been under the obligation of finding shelter, according to the amount of their income, for one or more invalided soldiers. Attempts had been made as early as the reign of Philip Augustus, and in more modern times by Henry the Fourth, Louis the Thirteenth, and Cardinal Richelieu successively, to bring all the victims of war together, and to give them a lasting home in one vast hospital. The realization of the idea was, however, reserved for the genius and persevering efforts of Louvois, with the result we are all familiar with in the magnificent establishment known as the Hôtel des Invalides. To this end he began by releasing monastic and ecclesiastical establishments from the burden of supporting military pensioners in their midst. The cloister and the barrack-room are not naturally made for mutual association, and the monks, therefore, had been quite as glad to get rid of their unruly guests by gifts in money, as the latter had been delighted to recover their freedom and resume their vagabond life. But in lieu of this obligation Louvois levied a tax on all abbeys and monasteries, proportionate in amount to the number of *Lay-religious* or *Oblates*, as these pensioners were styled, for whose maintenance they were liable. Moreover, abbots and priors and other ecclesiastical persons holding a benefice of the crown worth an annual income of a thousand livres, had to pay a yearly tax of a hundred and fifty livres. But as the aggregate amount arising from these and other sources still fell short of the required total, Louvois retained for the same object from two to four and five deniers in the livre on all disbursements of whatever kind made by the War Department. Lastly, he exempted every species of food, particularly salt and wine, necessary for the provisioning of the new Hôtel, from the payment of all dues and imposts whatsoever. The impatience of Louvois to see his pensioners housed in their new home stimulated the zeal of the architect, Libéral Bruant by name, to such a degree, that the immense buildings begun in 1670 for the accommodation of five thousand men, were completed and solemnly opened by the King in person in October, 1674. Louvois was appointed first director and administrator-general of the Hôtel, a style and title which, together with the duties they implied, he took care should descend to all future Ministers of War, so extreme was his concern for the perpetuation of this

his noblest work. For himself, he discharged all the duties of his new office with scrupulous fidelity to the day of his death, beloved and blessed by the veterans, to whom by a delicate thoughtfulness he had secured, along with the repose they had earned, all the honours of war, and who felt that they were still soldiers, with nothing either in their organization or in their dress to remind them unpleasantly that they were pensioners on the bounty of the State in a public hospital.

There was, however, just one class of military men who still felt a natural and very pardonable reluctance to avail themselves of the advantages held out to all by the new institution. These were old officers of noble family in reduced circumstances. Louvois, whose ingenuity seems rarely to have been at fault, discovered a way of relieving their necessities without wounding their pride. By royal letters, dated February 4, 1672, he revived the two military orders of St. Lazarus and Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which had fallen into decay, fused them into one, ransacked their archives, ascertained what property had belonged to them, took it back from its actual holders, and divided it into Commanderies and Priors, which became a means of honourable support eagerly coveted by noble but decayed soldiers. The yearly income derived from this source amounted to a sum of 300,000 livres, and was divided amongst one hundred and forty-five Commanderies, each worth from 900 to 2,000 livres a year, and five great Priors, with a yearly income of 2,000 crowns a-piece.

We have now done with Louvois and the work of his life, or, with that portion of it which was connected with the military forces of his country. For it must not be forgotten that with the title and duties of Minister of War, he was also virtually First Minister of the Crown, and as such conducted the foreign and domestic policy of his Sovereign, that he was Postmaster-General and Commissioner of Public Works, and that he had under his control the management of the arts, manufactures, and trade of his country. For a period of thirty years he was in his single self to Louis the Fourteenth all that a Prince Bismarck and a Marshal von Roon united have been in later times to the Emperor of Germany. Nevertheless, his work in the organization of the army is his greatest and purest glory. If he did not actually create the military power of France, he achieved the scarcely less herculean feat of reforming the French army altogether; if he expected and exacted a very great deal from

it, he was himself the first to toil and the last to grow weary of toiling for its strength, efficiency, well-being, and reputation. On his accession to office the King's Guards, some squadrons of Gendarmerie, and a few regiments of infantry constituted the whole of the standing army. Louvois transferred it from the hands of contractors and speculators to those of the King. He waged a fearless, incessant, and unsparing war against abuses and disorders of every description. He abolished the *arrière-ban*, and substituted a money-tax for liability to service, which gave him the means of maintaining a standing army, worthy of the name. In 1672, after ten years of Louvois' administration, Louis the Fourteenth was able to take the field with the largest army that had as yet been seen, consisting of 91,000 infantry, 28,000 cavalry, and 97 guns, all permanently organized troops, and six years later the military forces of France had been raised to nearly 280,000 men. Thanks to the genius and energy of Louvois, the last half of the seventeenth century is a brilliant period in the military annals of France. Organized by Louvois, animated by the presence of the King, and led by generals such as Condé, Turenne, Luxemburg, Vauban, Catinat, and Vendôme, the French armies made head against all the powers of Europe combined.

Immense changes have been effected in the French army since Louvois' days, and his military organization has been succeeded by a system more perfect still; nevertheless, if he had done no more than found the Invalides, when Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals were yet in the future, this monument of his patriotism would alone sufficiently entitle him to the gratitude of the French army, and to a high place in the esteem of his countrymen. After his death, few spots could have been more appropriately chosen to be the shrine of his remains than the Hôtel des Invalides; and there accordingly, until disturbed by a thankless King, lay the dust of the illustrious statesman, in the midst of the veterans, for whose declining years he had secured peace and plenty, in an asylum where only his virtues could follow him and whence the memory of his misdeeds—and they were neither few nor small—was for ever shut out, and in extenuation of which we may with equal justice put in for Louvois the plea made by Macaulay in behalf of Clive: "His faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity."

It has been said that Louvois had no friends. Those who knew him intimately, as Catinat and Vauban, were sincerely attached to him. The former writing to a friend after the death of the great Minister declares, that he prized Louvois' affection more than all the good things he had received at his hands; and Vauban concludes a letter of condolence to a son of the deceased statesman with these words: "I love and honour you, both on your own account and for the love and honour I bore your illustrious father, whose memory will never be effaced from my mind and heart." But if not generally beloved in his life-time, Louvois was universally regretted after death. Louis the Fourteenth himself gave open and repeated expression to his sorrow for the loss of so valuable and faithful a servant. As war continued, and campaign succeeded campaign, and the guiding hand of Louvois was more and more keenly missed, the French forgot his misdeeds and their own dislike of the man to remember only the eminent services of the Minister. Then it was the regrets of the nation at large, and of the army in particular, created for Louvois a posthumous fame and popularity which awoke the slumbering jealousy of the Grand Monarque, and goaded him to the commission of an act as mean and as discreditable to himself as it was harmless to the dead.

We conclude with the not inappropriate quotation of an anonymous epitaph, which expresses in a few quaint but forcible words at once the power, the genius, and the unpopularity of Louvois during his life-time, and the change which took place in the feelings of his countrymen towards him after his death.

Ici gît sous qui tout plioit
Et qui de tout avoit connoissance parfaite,
Louvois, que personne n'aimoit
Et que tout le monde regrette.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

*The Language of the Liturgy and the use of
the Holy Scriptures in the Catholic Church.*

PART THE FIRST.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH uses at the present time no less than nine languages in her public worship in different parts of the world, viz., Latin, Greek, Syriac, Chaldaic, Slavonic, Wallachian, Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopic. In no one of these cases is the language of the Missal spoken still, or even commonly understood by the people before whom Mass is celebrated; so great changes have been brought about in the original tongue by the lapse and fortune of time. Thus, to go no further back than the fourth century, the eloquence of St. Chrysostom or St. Basil would fall unheeded on the ears of a modern Greek; a Wallachian could not read a page of his own ancient records; no more could an Armenian or Abyssinian; while the Coptic has so far died out among the Christians along the Nile, that the rubrics of the Missal must be printed in Arabic for the greater convenience of the clergy themselves.¹

These facts are not mentioned by Dr. Littledale, though it seems strange that he should be ignorant of them altogether; at least he will now know that his charge against Rome of the use of a dead language in her services is levelled equally against the whole of Christendom, East as well as West, the Protestant Churches alone excepted. The rest of the world, including Islam itself, has with one consent adopted once for all the language and the form of the language into which their ritual was translated at the first, instead of ever trying to keep pace by new versions with the endless fluctuations of popular speech. In this way they not only secured uniformity of worship among the members of their own communion, but they protected the text from the serious risks it would otherwise run in the

¹ O'Brien, *History of the Mass*, p. 21.

repeated processes of adaptation and translation. Dr. Littledale indeed is willing to pass over the Latin rendering made in early times, "when the new Christian converts were found to be speaking a great variety of dialects, . . . all liable to incessant change;" but "the fault was," he says, "in not meeting the change of circumstances, when Latin dropped out of popular use, and the new languages of Europe took final shape."² When did the languages of Europe take final shape? Have they taken final shape even now? Will they ever, before the consummation of all things, take final shape in the only sense which bears upon our present subject, viz., so that the language of to-day shall be *understood of the people* after, say, another five hundred years? Of course they *may*, and with more likelihood now than before the invention of printing, but though the grammar remains fixed, words, and above all the meanings of the same words, change rapidly still. The English translation after which Dr. Littledale hankers, ought not to have been made much later than the fourteenth century, we suppose; well, let Longland or Gower, or parts even of Chaucer, or any other author of the time, be read aloud in a popular assembly to-day, and see how many of the crowd will feel sure that they are listening to their own language at all? The clergy, then, having failed, like all philologists before and since, to note the period of *final shape* (in Dr. Littledale's sense) in the modern languages of Europe, must have clung meanwhile to the ancient language of the liturgy, out of a desire to keep more power in their hands, as is "only too plain"—to Dr. Littledale. To us it seems quite as plain that they were influenced by the motives we have assigned above—anxiety to keep out corruptions from the text, and to preserve uniformity of public worship.³

Of course these and all other reasons must give way before the authority of Holy Writ, if such can be brought against them, but the passage quoted from St. Paul,⁴ even if it refer to the Mass, as most probably it does not,⁵ proves no more than that the faithful ought to be sufficiently informed, in whatever way, of what is going on before them. Thus the Apostle

² *Plain Reasons*, p. 85.

³ Nor should the immense service rendered to literature by the Church in thus adopting for her own, and so preserving, the Latin tongue with its priceless treasures, be forgotten by those who in after-times have entered into the fruit of her labours. *Vid.* Hallam, *Middle Ages*, vol. iii. ch. ix. pt. i. p. 338.

⁴ 1 Cor. xiv. 14—19.

⁵ Corn. à Lapide, in l.; Estius, in l.

expressly permits⁶ the use of an unknown tongue in the Church, if only there be some one by to act as interpreter. Accordingly the Council of Trent, in *obedience* to Holy Scripture, and *showing how Rome prefers God's will to her own will*, orders her "priests, and all who have the cure of souls, frequently during the celebration of Mass to explain themselves, or have explained by others, some of the prayers therein used, besides setting forth some mystery of this Most Holy Sacrifice, among the other heads of doctrine (*inter cætera*), on Sundays, especially, and feasts."⁷ Then all who can read will find in their prayer-books a literal translation of the Ordinary of the Mass, and other public Offices, face to face with the Latin, while those who cannot, know quite enough from the catechetical instructions of their school and their priest to be able to understand the general meaning of the chief parts of the Mass, and nothing more is absolutely required.

The Mass is the Unbloody Sacrifice of the Son of God to His Eternal Father, made by the hands of the priest, who then stands in the place of Christ Himself. At this tremendous Oblation the faithful are present, indeed, but they are not its ministers. If the server, who represents the people, regularly answers at some of the less solemn parts of the ritual, still a priest may celebrate validly without him. Thus the congregation do not, and need not, take any active part in the sacrificial act, except through the server, who may be always validly dispensed with, and in some cases even allowably. In fact, the Holy Sacrifice is offered *for* the people, and not *by* them. It is not a service of public prayers, shared between the priest and congregation, which both may equally make their own, and address to God in the same sense, and by the same right; such common prayer is regularly made *before* the parochial Mass, *and in the vulgar tongue*; but during the Action, or chief part of the Sacrifice, the priest communes alone with God, face to face, like Moses on the Mount, though, like him, on behalf of his people. He is then directed, as becomes his exceeding nearness to the Divine Majesty, to lower his voice to a reverential whisper, and it is this undertone and not, as Dr. Littledale imagines, the ignorance of the faithful, that renders the tinkling of a bell necessary to warn them of the progress of the rite. They meanwhile follow out of their books

⁶ 1 Cor. xiv. 27.

⁷ Conc. Trid. sess. xxii. cap. 8.

the translation of the words of the priest, or use the paraphrase which generally accompanies it, and which is an adaptation of it to the needs of our every-day life, or, lastly, give themselves to such private devotions as may be combined with a proper degree of attention to the Heavenly Mysteries. The prayers to be found in most Catholic prayer-books for the different parts of the Mass are nothing more, as we have said, than familiar applications of the letter or spirit of the corresponding portions of the Missal to our own immediate necessities of soul and body. What doctrine they contain is perfectly sound and pure, and their tone breathes throughout reverence, piety, and humility.

What Dr. Littledale calls their *lower level in tone and doctrine*, as compared with the Missal, is simply the difference between the freedom of private prayer and the solemnity of public worship. The priest, who ministers, may not depart a tittle from the letter of the rite; but why should not the people who witness it, and share in it through the server, and because it is offered for them by name, be allowed some liberty in the form of their devotion as long as they keep themselves in union with the Adorable Sacrifice at which they assist?

It is true that they may not be able, while thus engaged, to detect an unhappy priest who should wilfully garble the Mass; but it was not to meet such cases that the vulgar tongue was used in the celebration at first, and, in spite of every check and safeguard, a bad man can always frustrate the Sacrifice, if he will, by slurring over necessary words even in the vulgar tongue, or uttering them without truly intending their meaning.

Nor is the passage quoted from Father Faber⁸ anything to the point. He has no word or thought about the way in which the faithful should occupy themselves *especially while hearing Mass*. He is advising the use of indulgenced prayers in general, and as some books of devotion are richer in this respect than others, he warns persons *much given to vocal prayer* (and who are in the habit of praying much out of books), that they will be *in no slight degree in the power of their prayer-books*, accordingly as these contain more or less prayers of the kind he recommends. He goes on to name one out of *many excellent manuals of devotion* which he thinks such persons would do well to choose.

⁸ P. 86, note. The passage is on p. 271 of the first edition (1854).

Dr. Littledale's next count has exactly that shallowness and show of reason which are always effective with the crowd, and for this reason, as well as for the sake of the subject itself, we shall go into it at more length. He charges, then, the Catholic Church with unfaithfulness in her stewardship of the Holy Scriptures, with keeping back, that is to say, the Divine message, from those to whom it was sent, and with doing so from the worst of motives—lest her corruptions of that message should become known to those whom they at present mislead.

This is a most serious matter. Perhaps, if we except the sacraments as belonging to another order, no more precious treasure has been committed to the Church than this of God's written Word, of none is she so rightly jealous, for none will she have to render so strict an account. If it be true to say of her that she can have no higher duty, as she can form no more noble ambition, than to give entire and accurate effect to the Divine intimations vouchsafed her, how great would be her sin, beyond all hope of pardon, if she had chosen just that point on which to play her Master false where she knew her unfaithfulness would be felt the sorest! To stand between God and His children as a wall not as an interpreter, to misrepresent if not to stifle His words of light and strength and consolation, so that the world of men is left still in darkness, feebleness, and sorrow—what conduct could be more base, more cruel, more destructive of the Church's claim to be the organ of God's teaching to men? We freely allow to Dr. Littledale that if he can make good this charge, he will at the same time have proved that the Catholic Church has failed in one of her essential functions, and that therefore she can no longer style herself with justice the One True Indefectible Church of Christ.

Dr. Littledale divides his accusation into two parts: "First may be set," we quote his own words, "the discouragement and slight put upon Holy Scripture by the Roman Church, not merely indirectly by raising unwritten ecclesiastical traditions to equal rank with the Divine oracles,⁹ but directly by restricting and disallowing the free circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular." Next follows the alleged lack of aids to Biblical study among the clergy. We shall deal with these two heads in order, and we begin with what is called the slight put upon the Holy Scriptures indirectly and directly by the Roman Church. The passage from the Council of Trent (substantially

⁹ Conc. Trid. sess. iv. ; Conc. Vat. sess. iii. cap. 2.

reproduced in the Vatican Council) which reflects indirectly, as Dr. Littledale thinks, on the Sacred Scriptures, is as follows: The Council "receives and venerates in an equal spirit of piety and reverence all the books of both the Old and New Testament (since God is the author of both), as well as the traditions belonging to faith and morals (before mentioned), inasmuch as (*tanquam*) they were dictated either orally by Christ or by the Holy Spirit, and preserved in unbroken succession in the Catholic Church."¹⁰ These traditions are explained a little higher up, in almost the same words, to be those which were received by the Apostles from the mouth of Christ Himself or dictated to them by the Holy Ghost, and by them handed down to us without being committed to writing (*sine scripto*). And these traditions the Council professes to hold in *equal* (*pari*, not *eodem*, in the same) honour as the books of the Old and New Testament. The meaning of the Council is clear enough. The Scriptures have a claim on our *piety* and *veneration*, because of their Author, the Holy Spirit. But the traditions of which there is question in this place equally owe their origin to the Holy Spirit or to Christ: on this ground therefore, as the Council expressly states, they, equally with Holy Writ, are to be received in a spirit of piety and reverence. Surely there is no difficulty or inconsistency here, and it is no slight to the Sacred Scriptures to couple them in their claim to honour with the other utterances of Christ or the Holy Spirit. If indeed, after considering these organs of the Holy Spirit in their community of Divine authorship, we pass on to look at them in themselves, we shall at once be conscious of a great difference between them, and this diversity the Catholic Church has always recognized and insinuates in the use of the word *pari*—equal reverence—instead of *in the same* (*eodem*), in the passage already quoted. For although both the Scriptures and unwritten tradition come to us ultimately recommended by the same Divine authority, yet their descent from it is not in the same degree of nearness, if we may so speak. The Scriptures contain the word of God directly, *i.e.*, every word in them was set down by their human writer under the direct influence of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit first put it into the minds of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to take in hand the task they have completed for our benefit. He was with them as they worked at it, He did not forsake them to its close. And

¹⁰ We have omitted clauses not pertinent to our subject.

this Divine influence, which we call *inspiration*, took effect not only in shielding the writer from possible mistake, but it further made what he wrote embody the sense and substance, sometimes the very shape of the Divine thought Itself. It is this incomparable dignity of Holy Writ, its utterance to us of God's counsels, not in any general, indirect way, as all things He has made bear the impress of His hand, but in that living distinctness and unerring truth with which He has Himself brought them out in the mind of prophet or evangelist, which lifts it not only immeasurably above all merely human books, but hallows it as by a special indwelling of the Uncreated Wisdom in the house He Himself has built.¹¹

And yet the unwritten traditions, of which we have spoken, have no merely human parentage. The written Word does not contain,¹² or at least it does not clearly set forth, the whole of God's counsel to men. Christ, risen from the dead, spoke many things to His Apostles about the Kingdom of God on earth, of vital importance too to its government and well-being, which nevertheless were never to be committed to writing.¹³ Such things were, *e.g.*, *pædo* (infant) baptism, the non-repetition of the sacrament, the ritual of the Sacrifice of the Mass and the sacraments, ecclesiastical organization, &c. How can the Church trace these doctrines or practice back to a Divine authority? By the unbroken tradition which (not without the Divine assistance, which can never fail the Church) has handed down the Apostolic teaching with anxious care to our own days. These oral instructions given by Christ to His Apostles, or by the suggestion of the Spirit of Truth,¹⁴ reach us for the most part at least, in sense and substance, but not in the exact or verbal form in which they were communicated or suggested to the Apostles in the beginning. They convey to us, indeed, the

¹¹ Prov. ix. 1.

¹² The Scriptures contain many dogmas of the faith *formally*, i.e., *explicitly*, in set words, or equivalently so; more they contain *materially*, i.e., *implicitly*, in words which suggest, or, by the light of the context or of other passages, are capable of such interpretation; finally, they may be said to contain the whole of Revelation *implicitly*, in the sense that they establish the authority of the Church, which uses them and tradition, in her turn, to teach all revealed truth. *Vid.* Franz. *De Trad. et Script.* pp. 194, 195; cf. pp. 5, 6.

¹³ *I.e.*, in an inspired form. The Apostles taught orally what they had received from their Master's lips, and this teaching has been since preserved by tradition. Of course these traditions have found their way into books—such books are one organ of tradition—but they do not stand in those books in the words of Christ Himself.

¹⁴ St. John xiv. 26.

Divine will, but they do not place us in direct communication, as it were, with God Himself, nor do we hear His own voice sounding in our ears. We receive them therefore with the deepest reverence, inasmuch as through them we become acquainted with the Divine commands; in so far as they represent to us the Divine authority we yield them equal honour with Holy Scripture itself; but when we regard them in themselves, the Divine authority apart, we make the same difference between them and the written Word of God as we should between the letter of a monarch placed in our hands and his message reported to us with more or less verbal accuracy by one of his domestics. Perhaps it may be well to remind a non-Catholic reader, in conclusion, that there are traditions and traditions in the Catholic Church, which are very clearly marked off from one another by theologians, and do not by any means all enjoy the same degree of authority. Thus we have spoken only of the traditions mentioned in the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent, *Divine traditions*, as they are called, and further divided into *Dominical*, *i.e.*, derived from the oral instruction of our Blessed Lord, and *Divino-Apostolic*, *i.e.*, derived from the Apostles under the suggestion of the Holy Spirit. It is common to them and the Sacred Scriptures to embody revealed truth, although, as we have shown, less directly and *literally*, if we may so explain ourselves. Besides these, but on a lower level, for we have now got out of the region of revealed truth, are reckoned traditions which are simply *Apostolic*, *i.e.*, which contain the legislation of the Apostles, not as simple reporters of what they had been divinely taught, but in the discharge of their office as rulers and pastors of their respective Churches. *Ecclesiastical* traditions close the list, those, that is, which have a post-Apostolic date. They rest, of course, for their authority on the sanction of the Church, which is itself built, in turn, on the authority of God.

It may be asked how we are to determine, in practice, to which of these categories a given tradition may belong? I answer, either (*a*) from its subject-matter, which might be, for instance, too sacred for the Church to meddle with, or at least to introduce on her own authority, such as, say, the sacraments; or (*b*) from the witness of the Church—*explicit*—in its settlement of the disputed point, or—*implicit*—in its ordinary teaching and the sense of the faithful. St. Augustine points out in often quoted words a criterion of Apostolic tradition

when he says: "Most rightly do we believe to have been handed down to us by Apostolic authority whatever is held by the Universal Church, and has not been instituted by Councils, but, has always been retained."¹⁵

The Council of Trent, therefore, in claiming for unwritten Divine traditions a reverence equal in kind, though less in degree, than that due to the written Word of God, is doing, in reality, the only thing possible to her after her previous pronouncement that the written Word and unwritten tradition were alike communicated to her by God Himself. If they are both from God and as immediately, if we regard their substance, though not so in respect of their form, surely it follows that they ought both to be received by us in an equal spirit of piety and reverence, for the sake of their common Author. And if they ought to be so received, how is saying so an indirect *discouragement* or slight put upon either one or the other?

But Dr. Littledale sees a direct insult offered to the Bible in the restrictions placed by the Catholic Church upon its circulation in the vernacular. The fact of this restriction, he tells us, has been often called in question, and he quotes in proof of it the fourth Rule of the Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books, reserving power to the Bishop or Inquisitor, after consultation with the parish priest or confessor, to give permission for reading Catholic translations of the Bible to those whom such reading might profit. He draws the conclusion that "permission to read the Bible is not a thing of course, but an exceptional favour, made difficult to obtain and likely to be at once refused in every case where any man wanted honestly to know what God's revelation says upon some point of popular religion which might perplex him."

Whether such a permission would be likely to be refused to Dr. Littledale's honest man, we cannot with certainty decide; but happily for all perplexed inquirers in our own day, who should wish to refer to the Bible the doubts moved by Dr. Littledale on points of popular religion, such recourse may now be had by them, without let or hindrance of the Catholic Church, if they will only use an authorized edition with notes. Even if they think them, with Dr. Littledale's probable concurrence, mere useless cumber, the notes cannot efface the text, and both are now open to their perusal. If it be urged that the Catholic

¹⁵ *De Bapt.* iv. 24, quoted in Franz. *De Trad. et Script.* p. 15, whom see on the whole question of tradition.

vernacular translations are inaccurate, we answer first by a denial of the fact; secondly, that though not always so elegant, they are at least much more faithful than their Protestant rivals; and thirdly, that in any case the study of Holy Scripture in its original languages, or in the Vulgate, has never been restricted by the Church at all. We shall see later whether the decree of 1757, authorizing special annotated translations, be as practically inoperative as Dr. Littledale asserts; but we are anxious to set down all his charges in this section before proceeding to refute them.

The condemnation then by Clement the Eleventh of certain propositions of the Jansenist, Quesnel,¹⁰ respecting the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, appears to Dr. Littledale a very pregnant fact. The first two of them run as follows:

"79. It is useful and necessary at all times, in all places, and for all kinds of people, to study and learn the spirit, holiness, and mysteries of the Sacred Scripture.

"80. The reading of Holy Scripture is for all."

Again, Leo the Twelfth calls vernacular Bibles (in unauthorized versions, and without notes) *poisonous pastures*; and the late Pope Pius the Ninth speaks of Bible Societies in the same breath with socialism, communism, and secret societies, as pests which he has denounced in various Encyclicals.

When the Popes of Rome have held such language about translations of the Bible, what more natural than that the Holy Scriptures should be, if we believe Dr. Littledale, almost unknown on the Continent, except in Germany; and that if English Catholics are less grossly ignorant, it is simply because Rome could not keep them so though it would?

Now, what answer can a Catholic make to these and the like objections? First of all, in general, that they *are* objections, that they imply blame in the view of Anglicans indeed, but none at all in ours, simply because we and our opponents disagree on this matter in first principles, and so, starting from

¹⁰ Quesnel's translation of the New Testament and Commentary was condemned in the same Bull. The Jansenists were for throwing open the Holy Scriptures to all, educated and uneducated, without distinction. Vid. *De la Lecture de l'Ecriture Sainte*, &c., Antoine Arnauld Dupin (an author Dr. Littledale is fond of); *Dissertation préliminaire—sur la Bible*, bk. i. c. ix. § 11. They evaded Rule IV. of the Index (mentioned above) by denying its authority in itself and in France. Vide Dupin, *ibid.* § 4. See, on the other side, Malou, *La Lecture de la Sainte Bible*, vol. i. pp. 43, 58. We cannot help observing that it is a very pregnant fact that Dr. Littledale is so often to be met with in the company of Jansenists or Gallicans. His book could hardly have been written without their help.

different points along diverging lines, we arrive at very different conclusions. The Catholic Church takes her own view, one perfectly precise and definite, of the nature and functions of the Bible, and acts upon that view consistently; non-Catholics have their theory too, and they act upon theirs. So that the question between us is really reduced to this: What is the true conception of the nature and office of the Holy Scriptures, why were they confided to the keeping of the Church, and how was she to administer the precious trust?

Let us try first to set forth briefly the Catholic doctrine on the nature and uses of the written Word. We will speak first and chiefly of the New Testament, as being most directly concerned with the Dispensation under which we live.

As history alone, then, forbids her to think that the Gospel was put about in manuscript in the beginning, when the documents containing it had not yet been composed, so the Catholic Church teaches that its propagation now is not to be mainly owing to the perusal of printed books. She has absolutely no faith in the discharge of even correctly translated Bibles upon pagan shores, where Protestant missionaries were afraid to set their foot; nay, even if the hearts of these clergymen had not failed them, and the glory of nearer martyrdom had not shown so pale and faded to their sight, she would have foretold little fruit from their labours among the savage race, if it was expected with advancing knowledge to read itself progressively into the discipleship of Jesus Christ. She has never believed, and does not believe now, that with the invention of printing was invented also a new and improved method of diffusing the Gospel and bringing all nations under the obedience of Jesus Christ; and that whereas the Apostles (and Christ Himself) had fulfilled their mission by word of mouth, so that not the Bibles they distributed, but the sound of their living voice went out into all the ends of the earth, the same Divine ministry was to be transacted in later times by the fussiness of Bible secretaries and a system of Scriptural *colportage*; the most difficult part of the evangelist's office, viz., to persuade the unbeliever of the authority to which his intellect must bow, being thus not only improved away, but even put into the hands of the person to be converted, for the book he received was expected at once to authenticate, explain, and answer objections against itself. To this new-fangled scheme of Gospel propagandism, unwarranted by her Divine Founder, and unforetold,

making communion with Him the prize of a reading-class and dependent on a feeling for grammar, she has never been able to make up her mind, but with all common sense rejects it. Even if the inspired pages are not utilized commercially, as in China,¹⁷ to thicken the soles of slippers, or to furnish wrappers for the grafts in the vast American forests,¹⁸ even if they are not bartered to the whites for brandy and "fire-water" by the graceless heathen,¹⁹ she waits for intelligence of a single people converted by the Bible alone, and has hitherto waited in vain.²⁰ Nay, more: she has no difficulty and no remorse in characterizing Biblical Associations as "pests" which work mischief to men's souls. But there must be no room for misunderstanding here. It must never be forgotten, when we are estimating the force of the Church's language in respect of Bible Societies, or the Bible generally as used by non-Catholics, that she is contemplating translations which are not only not authorized by her, and which are unfurnished with notes, but which she knows to misrepresent the original on many most essential points. As Dr. Littledale, however, speaks of the "trifling difference, apart from mere style,"²¹ between the Anglican and

¹⁷ Hoenighaus, *La Réforme contre la Réforme* (French translation), vol. ii. c. ix. p. 190.

¹⁸ Perrone, *La Règle de Foi* (French translation), vol. i. c. iv. art. 4, p. 486.

¹⁹ *Bemerkungen eines Protestanten in Preussen*, &c., p. 32 (quoted by Hoen. *ibid.*).

²⁰ Hoenig, *ibid.*

²¹ P. 89, in note. We are not sufficiently informed as to the burning of Anglican Bibles and Testaments which this note alleges to have taken place at Kingstown; but it is quite possible that the priests who gave the mission there should have called on their Catholic hearers to deliver up any false versions of God's Word they might have in their possession (we think we have heard that some Bible agents had recently been busy in the neighbourhood), and should have committed the falsifications to the flames. These books were burnt not because they contained God's Word (which would be the highest impiety), but because they did *not* contain God's Word, though professing to do so, because they misrepresented, subtracted from, or added to the utterance of the Holy Ghost, and had so become the record and the result of most grievous sacrilege. That they retained, perhaps, much of the written Revelation unadulterated, is nothing to the point; the incorrectness or blurring of a few lines in a portrait may be fatal to its truth, and turn what was meant for a likeness into a mere caricature. Besides, as is well observed by Malou (*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible*, vol. ii. p. 295), if Moses, in abhorrence of his people's sin, could dash to the ground without irreverence God's own finger-writing on the tablets of the Law, why might not the ministers of the Catholic Church burn heretical Bibles in solemn protest and warning to her children and the world? At the same time it must be added that she is slow to proceed to such extremities, not because they are indefensible in themselves, but because they are open to misunderstanding; and the Apostle tells us (1 Cor. xiv. 26), "Let all things be done for edification." Lastly, she must not be held responsible for the indiscretion—if such there be—of individuals among her ministers in particular circumstances of time and place.

Douay versions, it will be worth while, and not foreign to our proper subject, to give some instances out of many where this difference "apart from mere style" is not "trifling," but total.

1. Gen. vi. 5 (cf. viii. 21). The Anglican authorized version translates: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually." The foot-note adds that "the Hebrew word for *imagination* in this place signifies not only *the imagination*, but also *the purposes and desires*."

But the original Hebrew does not say that every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was only evil continually—*i.e.*, of itself and in its own nature evil, but that all the thoughts of his heart were *bent upon* evil, as the Douay Bible has it—*i.e.*, were inclined to evil, but so that the inclination might be and ought to be withstood. Yet the Anglican version has been relied on to prove that our nature was essentially corrupted by the Fall, as Protestants teach.

2. St. Matt. xix. 11. The Anglican version translates: "But He said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save *they* to whom it is given." The original says and means, ". . . all men *do* not receive this saying" ("take this word" in the Douay translation). The saying is that marriage is not expedient (for all). Compare a like mistranslation, on the same subject, of Hebrews xiii, where verse 4 is rendered, "Marriage *is* honourable in all, and the bed undefiled," &c., and the following verse, "*Let your* conversation *be* without covetousness." In the Greek the verb is omitted in both cases; why, then, supply the indicative (*is*) with "marriage," and the subjective (*let be*) with "conversation"? May not the heretical preference of marriage to the single state have something to do with the difference?

3. 1 St. Peter ii. 13, runs as follows in the Anglican version: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the King, as supreme," &c. Now the original does not say, "to every ordinance of man" (whether it be in accordance with God's law or not), but, as it stands in the Douay Bible, "to every human creature"—*i.e.*, obey, for God's sake, every legitimate ruler, though not necessarily all his ordinances, since he may order what is wrong.

If the Anglican version used the reading *κρίσει*—*i.e.*, *judgment* (rather than *ordinance*) instead of *κρίσει*, now generally

accepted, the good faith of the translators may be saved, but not the true sense of the passage. Nor will the mistake be less mischievous than before in the hands of Erastians.

Here, then, are three instances of direct and complete departure from the original text, and always, as might have been expected, with very serious doctrinal consequences. We are led by the importance of the subject to add another, where the heretical bias of the translators has first deceived or overmastered themselves, and then of course set a trap for their readers. It is the text which in the view of Protestants enjoins the reading of the Scriptures upon all.

The Anglican version, then, translates St. John v. 39 by the words never out of the mouth of Protestant controversialists: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."²² Now it is, to say the least, entirely doubtful whether the Greek word *ἐπευνᾶτε* ("search") here expresses a command at all, and does not simply state the fact that the Pharisees (whom Christ was addressing) *did* search the Scriptures, and state it, moreover, only to condemn it by implication. Yet, on the strength or weakness of a translation which is probably false and at the best contested, the English Establishment accuses the Catholic Church of open disobedience to the command of Christ. This passage from St. John does not occur, it is true, in Dr. Littledale's list, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is the strong buckler of the army of Scripture-readers; and since one part of the Bible is of the same authority as another, while every reader is thought able to sound the deepest of them all, we really do not see why a shoemaker should not cobble on his translator's imperative, an entire system of theology which the indicative would destroy. If it be retorted that neither can the Catholic Church be sure that she is right in treating the word *ἐπευνᾶτε* as a statement and not a command, we reply that, supposing this to be true, still she does not depend for her doctrine on the Scripture, much less translated Scripture alone, but is helped by tradition and the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Again, she does not view single passages apart from

²² We read, "Search the Scriptures," &c., in the Douay Bible too—a proof, by the way, of the fairness of the translators—but they give the alternative rendering, "You search the Scriptures," &c., at the bottom of the page. A note is also added to show the bearing of Christ's words. In the Vulgate, the authorized Catholic version for the whole Church, the "scrutamini," the equivalent of *ἐπευνᾶτε*, may be either indicative or imperative.

their context²³ and without reference to their parallels in other places of Holy Writ, but she submits herself freely to the entire influence of the Divine teaching, and so is enabled to drink in and guide herself by its perfect spirit. We hope we have said enough to show that the differences between the Anglican and Douay versions are not so trifling as Dr. Littledale imagines. We believe that Protestant translations in other languages are more untrustworthy still. That made by Luther, for instance, may have done much to fix the German language by the vigour and beauty of its style, but it is said to be wanting in the first quality of a translation—fidelity to its original. Lutherans themselves complained bitterly of its errors, and after seeking in it for thirty years (without finding) the unadulterated Word of God, the Church of Holland finally threw it aside and had another translation made. The Church of Zurich had led the way as early as the year 1602.²⁴

But the difficulty we wish to propose to Dr. Littledale, and for the sake of which we have noticed his assertions about the authorized Anglican version, is this—if Protestant Bibles contain serious mistakes, and Bible reading is nevertheless a duty laid upon all, how can the unlearned, who always form the majority, know how to take all the truth and leave all the falsehood? And if this inaccurate version must be able, according to the Protestant theory, to answer all the difficulties its perusal may raise, how will it get over this difficulty at the outset—that an infallible teacher ought at least not to be caught tripping himself?

²³ M. Malou (*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible*, vol. i. pp. 359, &c.) gives some instances of theological systems or doctrines balanced upon a single text. Thus *Melancthon* inferred from *Et erunt omnes docibiles Dei*, the vanity of all human learning, and, like another Omar, gave whole libraries to the flames. Colleges were closed and education suspended at Breslau, in fancied obedience to the words of St. Paul: "See that no one deceive you through philosophy and vain deceit, according to the tradition of men, according to the elements of the world, and not according to Christ" (Coloss. ii. 8). But Luther gave a new turn to the phrase "elements" (*τὰ στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου*), applying it to civil rulers, with whom he had a quarrel at the time, and this torch helped him to kindle the blood-stained Peasants' War. It is not strange that the disciples of such masters should have gloried in the foulest crimes, which they put under the protection of Old Testament history. To omit examples grosser still, John of Leyden pleaded the practice of the patriarchs in defence of his many wives, as indeed Luther had done before him. The moral of these and a hundred other instances is not, as Protestants would say, that fanaticism will disgrace even the best of causes, but that the pearls of Holy Scripture should not be thrown to the swine of human ignorance and lust.

²⁴ *Vide* Malou, pp. 357, &c.

Against such blind guides as these are Catholics warned by the Apostolic See, that they be not led by them into the bottomless pit. Such reading as these books provide is most rightly called by Leo the Twelfth "poisonous pastures" on which it is death to feed; and though, which we deny, non-Catholic versions held no more than one grain of error in every bushel of truth, for this adulteration alone ought they, if offered in open market, to be seized by the proper authorities as wares deleterious to the public health.

But Dr. Littledale here meets us with a dilemma. Either, he says, in the view of Pope Leo the Twelfth *all* vernacular translations are poisonous, or those only which have been done by non-Catholic hands. If all are poisonous, how could the Catholic Church authorize any for popular use? if the work of heretics alone is suspected, why does she not furnish orthodox versions in its place?

The answer is simple enough. Heretical translations are indeed forbidden, and with every reason, as has been shown; but because she puts Protestant versions aside it does not follow that the Church need be ready with a substitute of her own. We do not say that she *is* not ready, for, as we shall see presently, there are vernacular translations approved by the Holy See—only we deny that that follows as a consequence from her proscription of inaccurate versions. This will doubtless seem shocking to Dr. Littledale, who appears to fancy that any one who does not do his stated portion of Scripture reading a day must "sit in darkness and the shadow of death." Not at all; there are other ways of knowing God's will, as manifested in the Scriptures, besides consulting the Sacred Volume for ourselves. In fact, much as the Catholic Church desires that all, laity as well as clergy, with suitable knowledge and dispositions, should make a reverent study of God's Word, she knows very well that her ordinary teaching is quite sufficient to instruct them in all the duties and aspirations of the Christian life. Of course her doctrine is contained and rooted in Holy Writ, but every one of the faithful need not go there to find it. The Church would have abdicated her chief function, and lost almost all her meaning, if she, *per impossibile*, handed over her office of teacher even to the original Hebrew Text itself.

We do not therefore admit the force of the attempted dilemma, but it would make nothing against us, even if it were true. Dr. Littledale asserts, "speaking under correction," that

the Douay is the only authorized vernacular translation of the Scriptures among Catholics. The modesty of the limiting clause was not superfluous, for he proceeds at once to correct himself in a note, in which he admits the authorization of Martini's version, though he complains of its being published at a prohibitory cost. Dr. Littledale evidently imagines that the publishers have an understanding with the Congregation of the Index, and are magnanimously prepared to forego their profits if only the Sacred Scriptures can be withheld from the faithful. But it is not necessary to make such a supposition. In most of the editions the Latin text is published along with Mgr. Martini's version, with accompanying notes; the bulk of the whole, therefore, cannot but be large, running even to twenty-three *octavo*, not *quarto* volumes, as Dr. Littledale asserts, and consequently dear.

The Text was inserted, not to check the circulation of the book, but to make it more acceptable to the class of readers who would be likely to buy it. The publishing firms, who knew their business better than we, probably felt at the time that there was little popular demand for a vernacular Bible, and did not care to run the risk of having a large edition left unsold on their hands. The Text is omitted in the Milan edition of 1827 (Silvestri), but we do not contend that even this edition satisfies the cry of "the Scriptures for the people." Such a cry, in its meaning to Protestant ears, has never been raised by Catholics; they *have* the Scriptures in the Scriptural doctrine of the Church, in her faith and her morality, and they do not clamour for what they sufficiently possess. We speak of course of the great body of the faithful of our own days, whom their daily toil, their distractions, their want of education and of leisure, little fit or dispose to consult Scripture for themselves. What time a Catholic labourer or artisan sets aside for God in the pauses of his work, or when his work is done, he usually employs either in prayer out of some manual of devotion or in saying the Rosary—a prayer taken from Holy Scripture almost word for word—or in reading some pious book in which the teaching of Holy Scripture is applied to common duties, or illustrated in deeds in the life of a saint. He does not go for this instruction to the Bible itself, not only or not chiefly because in most cases he has none to consult, but because he would not know how to get from it what he wanted, if he had.

Holy Scripture is not sufficiently clear, definite, and syste-

matic to serve as "spiritual reading" for most people in our own day; it contains, indeed, a perfect scheme of the Christian life, but less in detail than in outline and germ; it has none of the method and order of a regular treatise, which aims at exhausting its subject and takes up only one point at a time and finishes with it before going on to the next; on the contrary, it lays down principles without going on to their application, or its applications are suggested by the special circumstances of those whom the sacred writer is addressing at the time—it is a compendium and general view of the highest Christian conduct, rather than a complete body of instructions for individuals in their several states of life. We do not say that deep students of God's Holy Word, who read it in submission to His Church and under the guidance of His Spirit, cannot find in it consolation in trouble, light in perplexity, support under trial; it is to them indeed the heaven-sent manna "having in it the taste of all manner of sweetness;" they read in its Divine Wisdom secrets in comparison with which all human knowledge is weak and vain; and it can teach them the things of God better, more fully, and a thousand times more effectually than all the compositions of men. The Sacred Scriptures, we say, have done all this and more, for those who have studied them, as they were meant to be studied, by the help of the Church's interpretation, and with that illumination of the Holy Spirit which is never refused to humble earnestness and a pure heart.

But the number of such students can never be large; such study supposes education, time, opportunity, all which are denied to the great majority of men; and it would be foolish, therefore, to bid them seek the instruction necessary for eternal life in a volume which was not adapted to their needs and position. Yet it may be said many Protestants find time to read the Bible. True; but do the results show that such reading answers the ends for which it should be undertaken? Have Protestants as a body drawn from the Sacred Scriptures a lofty and consistent system of dogma, a Divine morality, absolute unworldliness, humility, purity, love?²⁵ Certainly these things are to be found in Scripture—but have Protestants brought them thence? The truth is that "spiritual science" in

²⁵ The Bible Society used at one time to place a copy of the Protestant Bible on the tables of the waiting-rooms in the railway stations. They do so no longer, because, we have heard it said, the parts so thumbed that the volume, held loosely, opened at them of its own accord were those which might set a wicked heart on fire.

the Catholic sense of the word, the theory and practice of asceticism, the knowledge of the higher walks of Christian perfection does not exist among them as a body at all. And when a small section of the Establishment dressed themselves in the borrowed plumes of Catholic devotional writers, in whom they had neither part nor lot, they might have been convinced by the mingled derision and indignation with which they were greeted, that their new costume sat on them but awkwardly and was not suited to the chill air of heresy in which they lived.

There are, however, other versions authorized by the Holy See besides that of Mgr. Martini.²⁶ For instance, Gregory the Thirteenth and Clement the Eighth approved a Polish Bible, the work of Father Wuieko, and the German translation of M. Allioli received a like sanction from Gregory the Sixteenth. It is very possible that neither of these versions is as cheap and handy as those published by the Bible Societies in England and America, but then the Catholic Church sees no necessity that each of the faithful should go about armed with a copy of Holy Scripture, and if he possessed one, she could not allow him to use it for the purposes which Dr. Littledale assumes to be Divinely intended, viz., free and independent criticism of herself and her doctrine as by one standing on higher ground. A Catholic could not give way to what Dr. Littledale calls honest doubt about any form of popular religion formally sanctioned by the Church without grievous sin, because he would equivalently be doubting whether the Church had not failed in her office of Infallible Teacher; and in such a frame of mind he would not be likely to get much comfort from his vernacular Bible. When the Catholic Church has authorized certain translations of the Holy Scriptures, she has been anxious to consult for the advantage of persons solidly grounded in the faith, who would betake themselves to the Sacred Volume in dispositions of humility and good will, not in a spirit of curiosity or doubt. The reading of the Bible by all she does not deem essential to salvation, nor indeed such a help to it as cannot be supplied and more usefully in most cases by other means, such as the instructions of her priests, books of piety founded on Holy Scripture, Bible histories, &c. But why does she not

²⁶ At present, when any annotated version may be put in circulation in a diocese with the approbation of the Ordinary, there is no need to obtain a special authorization from Rome. Thus, though there is not, as far as we know, any French version formally authorized by the Pope, many versions have been made and widely circulated under episcopal sanction.

authorize more translations? Doubtless one reason is, that in the absence of a general demand for such, the number of versions offered for approbation is not large. Again, a version may allowably circulate in a particular diocese if it have the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop. Of course such an approbation is revocable, and no sure guarantee against mistakes. M. Malou, in a work which we have already used so largely, gives instances of the cancelling of such approbations by a larger Episcopal Bench, or even by the Holy See. So Quesnel's version, which had the approval of Cardinal de Noailles, was condemned by the French Bishops and by Clement the Eleventh.²⁷

But such reversals of judgment by superior courts are naturally the exceptions and not the rule, and would not be likely to occur in times less troubled by religious controversy. Thus English Catholics are still free to use Dr. Lingard's version of the New Testament, which has never, we think, received Papal approbation.

Further, it is no easy task to produce an accurate translation of a book or books which contain so much and such sublime doctrine, and have often for their subject-matter the most profound mysteries which can strengthen the human understanding by their measure of light at the same time that they humble it by their dimness.

It is, moreover, a great mistake to suppose that because Biblical translation is not very often taken in hand by Catholic writers, that therefore "little is done by France," to use Dr. Littledale's words, "almost nothing in Italy, and quite nothing in Spain and Portugal for Biblical study." The clergy (who, Dr. Littledale assures us, are left without sufficient aids for the study of the Scriptures) can of course understand, and commonly make use of the Vulgate; they will also be familiar with some translation of it into the mother tongue; but such a translation will not be their chief guide into the inner sense of God's Word, but rather the commentaries, expositions, paraphrases, &c., of the Vulgate or the Original Text. How much has been done in this way for Biblical science by Catholics in modern times, when Dr. Littledale supposes them with few exceptions given over to absolute sloth, will be seen from a list we print in a note, extracted from *La Controverse* for December, 1880. It contains the names of more than seventy Catholic writers

²⁷ *La Lecture de la Sainte Bible*, p. 76.

on Scriptural subjects in the present century.²⁸ Among them are many Italians; the English-speaking division might be easily increased; if Spain is conspicuous by its absence, the troubles, civil and religious, in which it has been involved during the whole of this century, must be held responsible. We notice on the list the name of one translator of the Bible into English, Archbishop Kenrick, and its silence about the admirable Catholic Bible recently brought out in England,²⁹ the Introductory Essay of which (on the Church's office in regard to the Bible) we would recommend to Dr. Litledale's attention.

Will Dr. Litledale still say that there are no modern commentators accessible to the Catholic clergy? Whatever is antiquated in à Lapide and Calmet is found corrected or supplied in the authors we have cited. The resources of modern philosophy, history, travel, and science have been applied by them to the elucidation of the Divine oracles. The newest discovery of German philologists, and the latest invention of her rationalists are, the one welcomed, the other disproved, by the only thorough, consistent, firmly-based defenders of Holy Writ, Catholic theologians and scholars. They do not, to be sure, make light of the authority of the Fathers; they are willing to doubt if an author's insight into God's Word must increase according to the square of his distance from Apostolic times; they ask for proof that all the older commentators, Jerome and Augustine, Chrysostom and Gregory, simply juggled with the surface-meaning of the Sacred Text. Perhaps they lean rather to the belief that the earlier exegesis was penetrating and thorough, reaching through to the marrow of the meaning, whereas it is Baur and Ewald, Professor Jowett and Mr. Matthew Arnold who play with the outside and the dry bones without being able to discover what gives them spirit and life. What is the total gain to Biblical study in its highest, deepest sense

²⁸ "Glaire, Lehir, Drach, Van Ess, Bisping, Vigouroux, Allioli, Danko, Ackermann, Beelen, Crampon, Annessi, Dehaut, Schegg, Rohling, Coleridge, MacEvilly, Gilly, Patrizi, Grimm, Arnoldi, Aberle, Curci, Schanz, Vercellone, Haneberg, Jahn, Kaulen, Reusch, Langen, Meignan, Wallon, Hug, Arduin, Reinke, Simar, Thalhofer, Vilmain, Arosio, Guérin, Guiberlet, Lémann, Van Steenkiste, Le Camus, Reithmayr, Capecelatro, Corluy, Wiseman, Loch, Reischl, Schœfer, Lamy, Neteler, Laurent, Maunoury, Vidal, Trochon, Lesêtre, Messmer, Coletta, Schuster, Klee, Cavedoni, Sepp, Lambert, Kœnig, Mayer, Himpel, Plantier, Cozza, Mabire, Delattre, Kenrick, Laurens, Holzammer, Rœckerath, Fouard, and so many others, &c." (*La Controverse*, December 1, 1880, p. 80). Another list may be found in *De Scriptura* (Danko), pp. 342, 343, at the end of a learned review of Scripture interpretation among Catholics from the beginning.

²⁹ *Virtue*, London.

from the labours of non-Catholics in our own days? A huge litter of philological statements, more or less well-founded, upon which a number of more or less probable theories have straightway been raised—with a feverish eagerness in almost every case to shake the authority of the Sacred Volume, come what may—abundant description of the manners and customs of the East with a vast deal of geographical and topographical information, much word-painting of Oriental scenery, and considerable research into the shape, nature, and distribution of Biblical animals and plants. We have no thought of undervaluing these contributions to what may be called in a large sense Biblical science, or of denying their use in their proper place; no doubt they often throw incidental light on the picturesqueness or literal truth, even in the material world, of some of our Lord's parabolic sayings, understood mainly in their doctrinal sense hitherto; sometimes, even, the physical image more perfectly seized will open up wonderful minute correspondences between the world of nature and of grace by which each seems to receive illustration in turn. Again, a fuller acquaintance with the present habits of life in Palestine, where, as in all the East, things have changed so little since our Saviour walked the earth, may give the key to instances or allusions in His teaching of which the special force had not been felt before. These benefits of modern investigation we freely own and rejoice over—any scrap of information, philological, historical, geographical, ethical or picturesque, by the light of which one word of God's revelation may be seen more distinctly, and even its incidental meaning and beauty, apart from its main purpose, be brought more perfectly out, is precious and entitles its contributor to the gratitude of the Christian world. But when it is contended that by researches into the dead letter of language, or the history of the crust of the earth and the birds, beasts, and plants it nourishes, we are enabled to enter more deeply, in any essential way, into the Divine counsels respecting man and his destiny, nay, that by such human industry, beyond example bestowed and rewarded in this unparalleled nineteenth century, the previous ideas of the Church about those Divine counsels are to be modified, purified, perhaps altogether discarded, such lofty pretensions, unsupported by fact and incompatible with the theory of a teaching Church, cannot be brooked for an instant.

Biarritz to Loyola.

"GOING by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all," observes our brilliant art critic; "it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel." And yet it is just because Biarritz can be reached easily by rail that so many patresfamilias, who would sternly object to travelling in Mr. Ruskin's leisurely way, especially in frosty weather and with a nurseryful of children, are led to choose this gay little town, overlooking the Bay of Biscay, for their winter quarters. How soothing it is to the nerves of an anxious parent to think that his youthful offspring may be packed up, labelled, ticketed, and despatched to the sunny South with the certainty of getting to their destination safely, and with little more trouble than those very parcels at which Mr. Ruskin laughs! Anyhow, Biarritz, which has been well termed the Bournemouth of France, attracted a goodly number of English families during the past season, when we propose to speak of it; and the place deserves its popularity, even if it were more difficult of access than it is. Its air is at once sun-warmed and bracing, while what might have been its harshness is tempered by the neighbourhood of the sea.

But the reader may remember Childe Harold, "the winds are rude on Biscay's sleepless bay." True; and there are few grander sights than to watch the long advance of the Atlantic waves upon the rock-bound coast, as they rise to its steepness, curl, and scatter themselves into foam with the boom of thunder. But if the winds are rude, at least they blow generally from the west or south, and so Biarritz escapes the cold north or bitter east. It is an ambitious little place, and undertakes to cater for all the wants of social life. It has its English club, its gay casino, and sumptuous villas more numerous than those of Torquay. There is a pack of hounds for the lovers of the field, tennis for the quick-eyed and nimble-footed, and "drums" and dinner-parties for the stay-at-homes.

Then, many places of interest lie within a pleasant drive, while the train will soon convey the more enterprising across the frontier. But "crossing the frontier" is not encouraged, and it is no easy matter to ascertain the best route, or any route to Loyola, though it is not much more than seventy miles from Biarritz. However, to Loyola I was bound, and where there is a will there is a way. The will was certainly not wanting, and, after desperate inquiries from sundry officials, it became evident neither was the way. "What on earth can take you to Loyola?" inquired a friend to whom I confided my intention. "The train," in all simplicity I replied. "But what is there to see at Loyola?" "Why, my dear friend, it is the old home of St. Ignatius, and it is still occupied by his sons, the Jesuits." This was all wonderful news to one who had lived and grown old at Biarritz. But I had no time to expostulate or moralize, else I should be late for the train. I was to catch the Madrid Express, which is timed to leave Biarritz station, two miles distant from the town, shortly after one o'clock.

If my indulgent reader will bear with me, I will give him some account of my trip, and things seen and heard on the way. Suppose the station, then, reached, the ticket for Zumárraga scrutinized to the satisfaction of the collector—the bell and whistle have jingled and piped, and on the official wave of the hand being given, at last we glide gently out of the station. A fair and peaceful landscape opens at once upon the view, bounded on the west by the soft outlines of the blue Atlantic breaking against a line of coast which forcibly reminds one of the west of Ireland, with the bold brown summit of Haya for Croagh Patrick in the background. But so blissful a peace did not reign for long in the carriage which I just had entered. Near me is sitting a thick-set, tightly-buttoned-up little Frenchman, who clearly prides himself much on the everlasting square inch of red ribbon sewn across the button-hole of his surtout. He is evidently a man of importance, and in politics nearly as red as his ribbon. The two little children who are sprawling about the cushions of the carriage, and fondling their mother, are his hope and his pride. Perhaps they may both live to hold some post under Government, and possibly to wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. My Roman collar has arrested the attention of Monsieur, and is exciting his curiosity and anxiety. It baffles him. At length he ventures to ask me in the blandest way whether I am an Englishman. Much to my satisfaction, I reply in the affirma-

tive. "May I ask you where you are going?" "By all means. I am going, monsieur, to pay a visit for the first time to the old home of my Father." Monsieur and madame are lost in surprise that this gratification should have been so long withheld from me; but their horror cannot be described when they learnt that this home of my Father was Loyola. The tocsin of war had sounded, terms of peace were no longer possible. The French language we are told is best suited for expressing the softer affections, I can however bear witness that when wielded by my *vis-à-vis* it served the purpose of conveying other emotions with singular fitness. He denounced all Jesuits and their Institute in vigorous and impassioned language, and declared they were at the bottom of all the mischief in Europe. I asked him if he could point to any particular instance, whether his Government, which had closed our schools, could, even with the help of its spies, point to any intellectual shortcoming or moral delinquency in our teaching staff. He was off at a tangent at once, and averred that the French Jesuits had opposed by every means at their command the Republican Government; but when requested to name the delinquent or delinquents, he blustered, stormed, and fumed like a bull teased by the matadores. It was perhaps fortunate that this animated *tête-à-tête* was brought to a close by our timely arrival at Hendaye, which was my friend's destination. We amicably parted, with the understanding that on one subject we should agree to differ. Our route at this point presents a charming landscape, stretching away in hills and fields of maize till it loses itself among the deep waters of the blue horizon. How rich the scene must be in harvest-time, with its lovely contrasts of glowing colour. But we are on the move again, and little time is allowed for the imagination to conjure up pictures of other seasons. Soon we pass the border-land and enter the Peninsula of Spain. That little town lying at the foot of Mount Haya is Irun, in Basque "the good place." It is a good place to get away from as soon as possible, unless you are interested in old Roman walls and digging for Roman coins. "All change here!" So does the time by twenty-five minutes, and so does the gauge by twelve inches. The Spaniard has no intention of allowing the French to steal a march upon him. After an hour's stoppage, and when guards, drivers, and their friends have grown tired of gossip and of rolling cigarettes, they suddenly remember we are not yet at our journey's end, and

we resume our travel once more, and enter a valley dotted all over with fanciful villas guarded on either side by bleak and rugged hills. It was from this coast that Lafayette sailed for America. The scene soon changes, and you might almost think yourself back on the coast of France, to judge from the geometrically built town of San Sebastian,¹ which, nevertheless, is distinctly Basque, and the capital of Guipúzcoa. Indeed, its amphitheatre frowns upon you as you enter, till you can almost imagine it black with eager spectators of the fierce bull-fights, and that

Thousands on thousands piled are seated round.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute.

However, for our taste, at least, such sights are better seen with the eyes of the imagination, if at all. This fashionable spot, which bids fair to become what a friend of our youth would have termed "the most sea-bathingest place" in Spain, stands on a peninsula within the arms of the fortified Orgullo.

But we turn from the country outside, to the sight within our carriage. It holds a strange assortment of human beings. In the first place there is a pair of Basque market-women, with curiously constructed panniers containing sundries; then opposite, a son of St. Francis, and most notably of all, two of the "scientific minds of the day," who profess the French and Spanish nationalities respectively. The two savants deserve a little attention. They are carrying on an animated dialogue upon the descent of man. I cannot say that they threw any fresh light on the subject, and one felt often induced to demur both to their facts and their logic, but the conclusion arrived at by the Spaniard is too curious and interesting to be omitted. He said that he could never bring himself to believe that men of the Old World were descended from the Asiatic ape, or those of the New World from the American, till all men came to have one common language. How was it possible, he asked, that men of so many different nationalities, and of languages more varied still, could have descended from creatures which can understand one another without any difficulty over every portion of the globe's surface, which in fact everywhere speak the same language? This objection, put with all the gravity and dignity of a Spaniard, was quite too much for the Frenchman, who could only answer that the origin of language did

¹ Such persons as prefer the more comfortable route to Loyola should alight at this station, hire a carriage, and they will drive through a district which is pronounced lovely throughout, and similar in character to the Tyrol.

not belong to his *spécialité*, but he made no doubt that the difficulty could be satisfactorily solved by the archæologist or philologist. One has to travel abroad to gather arguments such as these against the Darwinian theory. They are entertaining when not carried on too long, and help to while away a short spell of time in the Madrid Express, which drags its cumbrous length along at no very break-neck speed. Those, however, whose purpose it is to study the country, cannot do better than go by the Express, for it is perhaps less fatiguing than walking, and on the whole, you get to your destination quite as soon. Like the American snail, it goes to the place it gets to, though it does a deal of stopping on the way.

Here we are at a stand-still once more. It is the fussy little town of Tolosa, lying bright and clean at the junction of the rivers Hypiros and Oria, and embedded between Mount Hernio and Uzturse. Well, this time we could forgive the stoppage, if it were only long enough to enable us to make a little visit to the Church of Santa Maria, over whose portico can be seen the figure of St. John the Baptist. It is, I believe, richly decorated work of the seventeenth century, and is considered one of the finest churches in the province. Tolosa, ever since its foundation in the thirteenth century, has asserted and fought for its "fueros," and more than once it has been razed to the ground in wars waged in defence of its liberties. Don Carlos made it his head-quarters for a time during the late war. It was here, too, that Charles Albert was captured in 1849, as he was attempting to escape in disguise to Portugal, and here La Marmora forced him to sign his abdication. The city seems prosperous enough, and commercial enterprize is brisk, to judge by the paper, cotton, and linen mills which cover close all the available ground in the environs. But the picturesqueness of the country has its drawbacks after all, and the making of the line all the way from St. Sebastian must have tried the wits of engineers and the muscles of their navvies. One seems to pass from tunnel to bridge and bridge to tunnel every half-mile, for the Oria is even more tortuous than the Wye, and no sooner have you crossed it once but it persists in sweeping round quickly again, till in a journey of nine miles you can remember, if your memory serves, having gone backwards and forwards some fifteen times. The tunnels do not follow one another in such rapid succession, yet you will have been in and out nineteen times before reaching Zumárraga. Notice, too, the skill dis-

played in the construction, over the delicious little valley of Ormaisteguy, of the magnificent viaduct. It is said to be one thousand feet long, and is supported on four massive piers one hundred and twenty feet high. There are lovely bits of scenery studded all along this belt of mountain district, reminding one in parts of the Highlands, though even more precipitous.

We shall soon be in the very heart of it, for Loyola lies to the north, shut in by deeply-wooded hills. We go on a little further; but the train is stopping—we have ceased to move; we are at Zumárraga. It is five o'clock, and we are actually sixty-five miles from Biarritz, which we left at about one! We get out and look about us, and soon make up our minds that the sooner we can get away from this tumble-down shed of a railway station the better. It is cold and damp, and the officials are too indolent and dignified to be communicative or interesting; besides, a place must be secured on the diligence which runs to Loyola. Alas! Señor Ugalde, the urbane proprietor of the diligence, informs us that it will not start for another hour. What shall be done? The little town perched a thousand feet above the sea on the banks of the sluggish Urola, which separates it from Villareal, a village of about the same dimensions, is not attractive; it is, like most other Basque villages, a mere accumulation of houses and cabins straggling over a given area. However, it has its church, of course, which we go first to visit; it is simple and pleasing, but of no architectural pretensions. There is an "ostatua," too, or inn, which looks bright and clean. But—as for the *cuisine*! If you cannot relish kid served up in oil, and seasoned with garlic, or wine which looks and tastes like "Judson's mauve," keep away from the Zumárraga hôtellerie. Still, on the present occasion we were in luck, for the sense of hearing was feasted, if not the sense of taste, and it was very charming to listen to the skilful and lively playing of the tambourine and bagpipes by a "Donceila" and "Muchicoa" before our open window. This curious music was accompanied by the sweet voices of the bright-faced couple in Basque costume. There was something about the simple and gracious dignity with which they accepted the small pittance offered them, that seemed to speak of habits of a noble self-respect and God-fearing life. At least so I thought as I mounted to my seat on the Azcoitian diligence—a decidedly primitive, ramshackle business, constructed seemingly to prove the truth of the assertion, "A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out."

Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, would revel in "travelling" by it, and I feel pretty certain that it would afford him every facility for leisurely taking in the landscape. Mine host, Señor Ugalde, demanded 1s. 8d. hard cash for my seat next the whip, and as much from those who were to be smothered inside, or stowed away amid the baggage on the roof. When some of our party had scrambled in, and others clambered up, it was at last time to put to. Although the fare was not so ruinous, as we have seen, it was reasonable to expect a goodly team of horses to draw this closely packed coach, and one at least of the party was wofully disappointed, and not a little dismayed, when three mules, in gay trappings and with halters round their necks, were hauled forward, backed into the shafts, tied together, and hooked to the coach. To these proverbially self-willed animals were our destinies to be committed that night, and it was no relief to observe, in addition, that the long fasting which their leanness betokened had not quite subdued a look in their eyes, and a twitching of their ears, which were a little ominous.

Have you ever travelled in a Spanish diligence? If not, take my word on the matter, and henceforward resist all blandishments thereto. It is a frightful experience, and dearly bought by the aches which will linger in every joint and limb of your dislocated body for many a long day. The Azcoitian diligence, to the box seat of which I am at present clinging with a desperate grip, is simply crammed with passengers inside, while the roof groans beneath its superincumbent load of men and baggage. We are as ready to start as we are ever likely to be, when the dignitary, whose business it is to dismiss the different equipages, gives the signal to our "mayoral," or coachman. Crack goes the whip; the lumbering vehicle, guiltless of springs, gives a preliminary lurch, and is jerked forward by the triple alliance of famished mules; but they have made a beginning apparently only in order to make an end, for, overcome with the exertion of starting, they straightway come to a stop. The "mozo," or conductor, who accompanies the coach, is quickly at their side, and whip in hand enforces the duty of submission—but he has scarcely regained his seat when their rebellious instincts returning with the force of conviction, they jib off nimbly enough to the left, where there is a road more level than the one which lies before them. The gaily dressed "mozo," more amused than annoyed, springs forward for a second time, administers a yet more vigorous castigation, and the mules again give way.

There are no more cross-roads henceforth, so no difference of views on this point can arise in the future.

The little town is soon left behind us; we have crossed the old Roman bridge, and soon enter the deep mountain gorge through which our path now lies. The driver manages his team by himself now, and efficiently too, though after a fashion which is characteristically Basque. If the Basque theory of driving is to be learned from its practice, a good coachman must be plying his whip, jerking his reins, straining his voice, from the moment he mounts his box till his journey's end. The effect of this wild burlesque, with a dash of cruelty thrown in, upon such as are not to the manner born, is a little startling at first, and tends somewhat to interfere with that repose of mind to which the scenery around invites. However, it is no good losing one's peace of mind about what one cannot mend, and the mules, who are chiefly concerned, seem to take it philosophically enough. Anyhow, no sooner does the driver relax his exertions, than they proportionally slacken their pace. So, making ourselves as insensible as possible to our driver's antics, we gaze out upon the grand and impressive scenery which nature unfolds before us. On our left, the road for a considerable distance hugs a wall of rock, rising grim and sheer, while, with deafening roar, a torrent dashes past us on the right, hurrying ever faster down into the valley beneath. The moon, seen glimmering through the chestnut and mountain ash trees away to our right, lights up broad flakes of nodding fern which here and there peep out of the crannies of the dark rock at our feet. We are moving through the silence of night, and the rumbling of our coach, even its jingling bells, seem a desecration of the natural peace that breathes around; one should tread noiselessly to feel the full fascination of the time and place; but our worthy Basque, who has no poetry in his soul, is, if possible, only more noisy and harsh-tongued than ever. We pull up after a few miles at a half-way house, in the shape of a small stone cottage with latticed windows, and the driver most courteously invites me to accompany him into its little room. We go in, and the flicker of a bright wood fire reveals to us a wood-cutter, and his wife, and their four pretty, blue-eyed children, with the rich clusters of brown hair so common among the Basques. We had broken in upon their night prayers, which they had been saying on their knees before a wooden statue of the Madonna—and I must add their bright, happy countenances seemed to say our Blessed Lady

had in turn been smiling on them. I tasted some pottage prepared for the driver by the good housewife. It consisted of native wine boiled, and thickened with maize. She also brought forth some roasted chestnuts from the oven, and in token of gratitude I presented each of the children with a pious medal, which they kissed and kissed again, and then took to their mother, that she too might similarly honour the common Mother of us all. As we were leaving these good mountaineers, our driver informed them that I was a "Jesuita Inglés." At once my four little friends toddle forward, exclaiming "Ecuá, Ecuá!" the Basque for "the hand, the hand," to kiss it reverently, and answer "Amen" to the blessing. It is a real privation not to be able to talk with these loyal Catholic people, but their language is more hopeless even than Welsh—and that is saying a good deal. Whence its origin is unknown. Some say it belongs to the Turanian family of languages, either to the Finnic branch, or the North American Indian; but others deny this, and it has almost no literature by which the point might be determined. The devil, says an old story, spent seven years in Guipúzcoa, in the endeavour to master its language. At the end of that period he had succeeded in enriching his vocabulary by three words only, and one of them is spelt "Solomon," and pronounced "Nebuchadnezzar." We should recommend Mr. Isaac Pitman to prevail on this people to adopt his phonetic system of spelling. If only they would spell words as they are pronounced, or pronounce them as they are spelt, all Basques, at least, might come to understand their own language. Fortunately, both driver and myself knew some smattering of Spanish, and so we managed to exchange a limited number of ideas.

Our route now lay through defiles deeper still, and the precipitous rocks, towering ever bolder and higher, seemed to draw forward upon our narrow path as though they were minded to stop our passage. Nothing but the bright, starlit sky is clearly distinguishable at this hour, but the higher peaks that gird us round trace themselves against it in misty lines. It is natural for the thoughts to revert to the Khyber Pass, which descriptions lead one to conjecture was not unlike this grim ravine. Indeed, if the Carlists who were lurking among these treacherous rocks during the late war had surprised their enemy winding stealthily along this tortuous gorge, history might have recorded a disaster almost parallel to that so graphically told by Mr. M'Carthy's

pen. The driver here interrupted my reveries by informing me that, between this part of the road and Azcoitia, he was in the habit of saying the Beads with his son, who acts as conductor to the diligence; and very willingly he allowed me to take his son's place this evening. I was to say my portion in Latin, and he his in Basque, and so we fell to our polyglot devotions, a brook by the roadside rippling merrily the while. I felt it quite a privilege to join in the simple piety of this good mountaineer; for who knows but that many a Rosary, recited on these rugged hills to the echo, perhaps, of foaming torrents and blustering winds, may have quicker entrance to Mary's presence-chamber than prayers told to coral beads on silver wire in the crowded churches of a capital? It has been said of the Basque peasantry, that they seem little affected by the scenic grandeurs among which they live. I question the correctness of this statement. I might say, if I were not afraid of being fanciful, that their earnest, lofty temper may well be in part an inspiration caught from the sternness of their native hills, and their generous instincts from the richness of their sun-warmed plains. But the Basque, I am free to admit, is no nature-worshipper; and what has been said in reproach of the Swiss, will no doubt be repeated of them, that "spring is known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the sun only as warmth, and the wind only as a chill, and the mountain as a fortress." Such an utilitarian conception of life as this, in which our stay here below is viewed as a pilgrimage rather than a home, and earthly goods are valued only as they may be helps to eternal, will doubtless appear very selfish and dull to modern culture. But then, you know, modern culture has not yet penetrated into the north-east of Spain, and so the Basque may continue to look upon the scenic grandeurs of his mountain-home as religion and instinct teach him.

Meanwhile we are emerging from our gorge at last into the pleasant valley of Itzarriz. We round the hill, leaving behind us a bit of landscape that must show magnificently under the rays of the summer sun. But the road still clings to precipitous rocks, from which the merriest little streamlets are constantly leaping into our path, as if to take us by surprise, and then prance and prattle on in little hurries to join the bigger brook, which, if we may believe the song, "goes on for ever." We go on to Azcoitia, which you catch a glimpse of in the fitful light, couched at the foot of the Itzarriz, and sheltered

by a ridge crested with waving pine trees. As we jog along to "the jingling and the tinkling of bells," sounds of another bell fall upon our ears. It is to give notice that the Blessed Sacrament is being borne by some zealous priest to comfort and strengthen the weary pilgrim about to set out on his journey to eternity. We pull up, all uncover, bend the knee, and adore His Divine Majesty Who, veiled under the species of bread, speeds on His mission of condescending love. Truly, "it is a magnificent thing to be a Catholic," as Father Faber used to exclaim; but never do the depths of the truth of it come upon us with such beautiful significance as when the terrors of death are put to flight by Him Whose presence is the assurance He comes to call the exile "Home." It was a special grace to be met by our Blessed Lord at the entrance to Azcoitia—that village so often the witness of the actions of the Martial Saint of Spain; for you must know here was the residence of the family of Marina Saenz de Licona y Balda, the pious mother of our Saint. Here, too, the house is shown from a window of which a woman followed the discourse of St. Ignatius, who was preaching more than a mile off. There is besides a church of some pretensions, and a fairly comfortable "fonda."

At last, standing midway between Azcoitia and Azpetia, and guarded by stern-looking heights belted about their breast with a zone of mountain ash and alders, the welcome outline of Loyola appears, rising out of the valley of Iraqui, across which the Urola slowly winds its way.

Dear, sequestered spot, shut out by fortress hills from the turmoil and glitter of life; breathing an air of holiness and peace as if still haunted by the saintly presence of him who here learnt the full significance of the words, "What doth it profit a man," &c., how often have I longed in my day-dreams to see thee, and now at last beyond all expectation thou art given to my bodily sight!

Yes, this is indeed the birthplace of Ignatius of Loyola, the hero of Pampeluna, the champion of the Church.

The estates of Onaz and Loyola date from the twelfth century; they were amalgamated in the thirteenth, and in the middle of the fourteenth the feudal Castle of Loyola was built by Beltran y Yanez de Loyola—it only escaped demolition when Henry of Castille, to restrain the power and broils of the Guipuzcoan nobles, razed to the ground their fortresses, on condition that its massive walls should be half pulled down, and rebuilt in brickwork. The present block of Italian buildings,

which stands out before us in noble outline against the frosty sky, was begun in the February of the year 1682. It was owing to the generosity of Anne of Austria, mother of Charles the Second, that it came into the hands of the Society. The property, together with the "Casa solar," or family mansion, had passed by inheritance into the hands of the Marquis de Alcañices y Oropesa, the lineal descendant of Don Martin Garcia, the oldest brother of St. Ignatius, and from him our benefactress purchased it in the May of 1681. The deed of transfer contained these seven provisions—

1. That an inscription describing the cession of the "casa solar" and estate as a free act, be affixed, above the royal arms, to the building.
2. That a similar inscription be affixed to the wall of the church.
3. That a suitable apartment be kept in the College for the use of the Marquis.
4. That a chapel be erected in the church, where he and his family have the privilege of being interred.
6. That the estate of Loyola and its dependencies be valued, and lands exceeding them in worth be made over to the Marquis.
7. That these conditions be guaranteed by deed which shall be signed with the royal signature.

The plans were drawn and the building commenced by Carlos Fontana, the pupil of Herera, the architect of the Escorial, but owing to circumstances the work progressed very slowly; not, indeed, till 1767 did it reach its present proportions, when, by an edict of Charles the Third, the Society was expelled from Spain and all his dominions. This accounts for the unfinished state of the left wing. The expenses of the building were defrayed by donations of the faithful in all parts of the world, though Anne of Austria is regarded as the chief foundress.

From a bird's-eye point of view the buildings present the figure of a spread-eagle—the church, with its portico, representing the head and beak, the College, with the old Castle encased within it, the right wing, and the unfinished seminary the left; the cloisters are the body, and the little formal garden the tail of the imperial bird of the House of Austria—a fanciful design enough, yet not without its parallel in the Escorial, which is in form a colossal gridiron, and was so built in fulfilment of a

vow made by Philip the Second in reparation for the insult offered to St. Lawrence, when on the day of the famous Battle of St. Quentin, the church under his protection, which was held by the French army, was bombarded by the Spanish.

The church, which is not unlike that of St. Andrea in Rome, St. Francis of Paul at Naples, St. Charles Borromeo at Milan, is built throughout of marble hewn from the neighbouring quarries, and is a good specimen of the florid style of the period, and offers, when viewed from a little distance, a fine *coup d'œil*. Its *façade*, rich in ornamentation, supports a well-proportioned dome, surmounted by a lantern chaste in design, and makes a total height, from basement to the cross, of one hundred and sixty-six feet. In treatment the two belfries which rise on either side the ophite cupola, giving it lightness, and charmingly breaking the sky line, are similar to the lantern; they are one hundred and twenty-five feet in height. The ornate, and somewhat ponderous portico, approached by three easily graduated flights of steps, whose massive balustrades of yellow jasper are guarded by six lions couchant, is semicircular, and supported on noble columns of the composite order. The entablature is rich, but heavy with deeply indented members; its frieze is surmounted by the royal arms of Castille and Leon, emblazoned on a field which dips into a broken architrave. Notice, above the magnificent main door of carved mahogany, the life-size statue in Carrara marble of St. Ignatius, in the habit of the Order, and the figure of a kneeling angel on his left, supporting the Book of the Institute, on the open page of which we read—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*. By reason of the colour of the polished marble, the *façade* of the church looks cold and dark, but inside it is warm, bright, and rich, though again too profusely inlaid with marbles of every imaginable colour to be really grand and effective. The high altar, for instance, is nothing but an elaborate mosaic, in which specimens of every rare and costly marble combine to lend brilliancy and gorgeousness to the "Mensa Domini;" but a very close inspection is needed before its true value can be understood, and at a distance it looks simply a blaze of kaleidoscopic colour. The side altars are plainer, and on that account less distracting. As we gaze upwards, the high-poised vault or dome, which is admirably proportioned, unfolds in its eight panels a succession of bas-reliefs, representing the arms of Castille, Leon, Aragon, and the rest of the Spanish dynasty; and beneath the bands which separate them

are figures in sitting postures, illustrative of the Virtues, but the pink-coloured panels themselves are much too light in tone to harmonize with the eight massive black piers from which the dome springs. It is quite a relief to bend one's eyes from this fancifully treated dome, all aglare with the light streaming in from the gilded lantern, to the beautiful mosaic floor, which, as in most Spanish churches, quite free from chairs or benches, is seen to the best advantage. We cannot linger now to examine the statues in their niches of Carrara and Genoese marbles, the rich mouldings, and delicate tracery, or the countless ornaments in precious marbles brought from all parts of the world. So, with a word of praise for the harmonious proportions of the church, we pass out by a corridor to the right, and a few steps bring us to the "Casa solar," or old Castle itself, which, while standing precisely as it did in St. Ignatius' day, has been so completely surrounded and encased by the College walls, that all view of it is cut off till it is approached by this corridor. Notice above the doorway the inscription which runs thus on black marble: "Casa solar de Loyola. Aquí nació S. Ignacio 1491. Aquí visitado por S. Pedro y la SS. Virgen, se entregó á Dios en 1521."

The basement, we see, is of hewn stone, and the rest of brickwork in curious geometrical shapes; its measurement is fifty-six feet high by fifty-eight feet in width. In rudely carved stone above the gateway project the family arms, *Lobo y olla*.—But you are all eagerness to see inside. We will kneel for a moment to beg a blessing from our sainted host, and pass through the open door, studded all over with hob-nails. Do not ascend the handsome oak staircase to your right just yet, but go straight on. You see that little chapel under the staircase, shut off from you by an open screen. It is called La Capilla de nuestra Señora de la Piedad, which answers to the old English title our Lady of Pity. In St. Ignatius' day, it was a sort of loose-box, or stall for horses. Here our Saint was born. Like the mother of St. Francis of Assisi, the mother of St. Ignatius, too, when the time of her delivery was come, left her sumptuous little apartment to bring forth her child in a stable, little better than that in which our Infant Lord was laid by His Virgin Mother. If devotion prompts you to stay a moment in prayer, you are following great precedents. You will only be imitating St. Francis Borgia, who in the very lifetime of St. Ignatius, covered the rude pavement all over with his kisses and tears. It is not

because it is some great *fiesta* to-day that so many persons pass us as we ascend the staircase. Some of these people are following the "Spiritual Exercises," which are given here all the year round, and others are just coming from confession; for immediately facing us, as we step on to the first floor, is a large room, with confessionals arranged along three sides of it, while to the right it looks upon three little chapels. So that white-haired old man we see at the furthest chapel, with head bowed to the ground, is probably preparing for confession, and the young lad praying at his side, with arms extended in the form of a cross, must surely beg some great thing of God that he pleads so hard. The oratory before which they are kneeling was originally the domestic chapel, and there little Ignatius, with his brothers and sisters, used once to attend Mass. It is dedicated, as the picture over the altar indicates, to Our Lady of Dolours. In this chapel St. Francis Borgia, in 1551, offered up the Divine Victim for the first time, and here he gave Holy Communion to his eldest son, Don Carlos. Observe that picturesque Basque mother, with a chubby boy in her arms, praying in the nearer oratory, dedicated to St. Francis Borgia. She seems to be making an offering of him to God. I wonder if she is begging of St. Francis to obtain for him the inestimable gift of a call to the religious state.

You see I was not wrong when I told you every nook and corner of this Santa Casá, as the people call it, is full of interesting associations, and they thicken upon us as we mount to the second floor, and pass into the sacristy on our left. It is stocked with relics of our dear Father and his first companions. The vestment press is made out of the wood of his bedstead, and the baldachino above it, out of the crimson damask of its tester. In the massive gilt cases standing opposite you can see articles of his dress, while in the frames which are hung about the walls are letters in his own handwriting. His Latin letters are signed Ignatius, but his Italian and Spanish often bear the signature, *Íñigo*, or *Ignacio*. He was christened *Eneco*, which is the same word as *Íñigo*, but he adopted *Ignacio* out of devotion to the martyr patron of Antioch.

The little chamber, now a chapel dedicated to St. Stanislas, above the domestic chapel, and to the left of the sacristy, was the bed-room of the Saint. It was from it that he was carried into the larger one opening into it, when his right leg had to be reset. It is now a gorgeous chapel, with three altars, the side

ones dedicated to St. Francis Xavier and to Blessed Peter Claver, Apostles respectively of East and West, while the centre one, taking up the position formerly occupied by the bed of the wounded hero, is the altar of our holy Father, and he is represented beneath it in the costume of the day, lying on a couch, and reading the Life of Christ. He is seen above, in a niche let into the handsome retablo, in the habit of a Jesuit, bearing a banner, with his motto set in brilliants. The relic in the pendant hanging from the neck is his thumb. The room is very low, and dimly lighted, but every inch of it is has been lavishly decorated and gilt by loving and artistic hands. On the ceiling are subjects illustrative of the life of our Saint, and the floor is beautifully inlaid marble. This chapel is separated by an open screen from the ante-chapel, on the ceiling of which are five paintings in oil, of some merit, and very interesting, as representing the Saint, in the first, being baptized in the parish church of Azpeitia; in the next, being instructed in religious doctrine by his parents; in another, as receiving the Bull of Confirmation of the Society from Paul the Third; in the fourth, as saying Mass; while in the last his happy death is depicted.

From an early hour every morning there are to be seen scores of devout peasants approaching to the screen, where Holy Communion is given. It was my privilege to offer the Holy Sacrifice here at a very early hour, but I was none too soon for about a dozen persons who presented themselves to receive the Bread of Angels.

No one, I think, can visit this sanctuary of grace without feeling, even if he resist, a supernatural influence for good which haunts this shrine. The spirit of the Saint it nurtured is the true *genius loci*. All the incidents of that marvellous life for which Jesus Christ and Satan contended on this spot come crowding in upon the mind as you gaze upon the arena of the combat. Hither, some three hundred years ago, was borne the hero of Pampeluna on a litter by the generous French; his left leg had been terribly crushed, and the right so shattered by a cannon-ball, that twenty pieces of bone were taken out of it. The journey lay over a rough mountain-road, and in spite of every gentle care, the right leg required resetting almost as soon as the ancestral threshold was crossed. The excruciating pain drew no cry from the sufferer, as he clutched his hands and bade the surgeons do their work; but fever set in, and Ignatius

was brought so low that he begged for the Holy Viaticum. It was the eve of the feast of his great patron, St. Peter, in whose honour he had written a poem when a boy, and for whom he had always retained a big-hearted devotion: the physicians pronounced the case hopeless unless there was a change for the better during the night. And that night a change was wrought indeed, in soul no less than in body, but by the power of Heaven, not by the skill of earth.

In the stillness St. Peter stood over against the bed of the future jealous defender of Papal prerogatives, and promised him, in God's name, his restoration to health. The heavenly vision disappeared, and Inigo's transports of gratitude and joy were succeeded by bright pictures which his imagination painted of the human glories which would make memorable his newly-restored life. He dreamed once more of tournaments, and battle-fields, and was eager to redeem the loss of Pampeluna. But the warfare and the triumphs to which Ignatius was summoned were in a service nobler than that of any earthly king. As yet however the scales had not fallen from his eyes. The physicians, on their return, give better hopes of his recovery; but a second painful operation must be endured if he wishes to preserve his well-shaped leg, for below the knee of the right leg, which had already given him such exquisite suffering, a piece of bone projected, which would prevent his wearing the high and close-fitting boot then in fashion. The brave soldier, rather than suffer the privation of so necessary an article of knightly equipment, again submits his aching limb to the surgeon's knife. The old setting is broken, and the bone sawn off. The pain of the process, especially as done in those rude times, must have been a very martyrdom. Yet he did not flinch, and he bore without complaint to be stretched for weeks on an iron frame, lest the limb which had been operated on should shrink. But how was he to while away the tedium of those long hours? He called for *Amadis de Gaul*, or if it could not be had, some other book of romances of chivalry. But books were scarce in those days, and no legends of knightly deeds—of the rescue of fair maidens, or the trophies of the tourney could be found in the castle. So they give him the *Life of Christ*, by Ludolphus of Saxony, and the *Lives of the Saints*. He turned over the pages listlessly at first, and for want of what he thought something better. But his attention deepened as he read, and when, after reading awhile, he closed the book,

he felt a strange peace shed abroad upon his soul, and he hungered to read again. The romances he loved so well used to leave after them dissatisfaction only and feverish ambition. This was his first practical lesson in "discernment of spirits."

It was in this room that the good seed was sown in Inigo's heart, and it fell on good soil. The light faded slowly away from the bright fancies he once indulged of victory in love and war, and the eye of his soul was purged to see wherein true glory consists, and what that Divine Love is which can alone satisfy the heart. "If Francis did this great deed, and Dominic that, why should not I, by the grace of God, follow them, even at a distance?" There are heavenly lists, as well as the tournaments of earth, and God's praise is better than the herald's trumpet, and the king's award. And so grace won more and more upon that generous will; not without bitter struggles and lookings back, for ancient ties are not easily snapped, and Ignatius would give up the world altogether, if he gave it up at all: but the work was accomplished at last. It was during this time of conflict that he had formed the habit of rising at night to pray. You may imagine him before you so engaged, on his knees, in the silence, striving with his old nature not yet subdued, when suddenly the whole house is shaken from roof to foundation by the fiend in impotent rage. That fissure running along the wall is the record of the shock. But most of all is this room dear to us, because the Immaculate Mother, with the Divine Infant in her arms, honoured it by her presence. Inigo was again in prayer, when a stream of heavenly light reveals to him above his bed Madonna and her Child. She turns upon him her gracious eyes of mercy, full of tenderness and love, but she utters no word—the light fades, the Mother and Child have gone, but they have left their image ineffaceably in their servant's heart. At last he had put his hand to the plough; need I add that he never looked back? These and other scenes of the life of the warrior Saint rush in upon us as we linger in the places where they were enacted. Who can be surprised that the spot is loved so well, and that for those in affliction it has an especial attraction? With reason, then, we read above the doorway to the chapel the inscription, "*Hoc sacellum portentis illustre.*" Pondering over these thoughts in our heart, we will now make our way through the imposing College corridors, looking into the refectory for a moment to examine the portraits in oil of the Cardinals of

the old Society, and the enormous painting of the Last Supper by the Sicilian Larican; then we can pass out by the gateway, and follow the little path which leads through the fields to Azpeitia. It is barely a mile off, and our pains will be rewarded by a fine view of the valley, and still more by the parish church, in which is seen the pulpit from which St. Ignatius preached to his townsfolk, and the font at which he was baptized. All the parishioners are baptized in it still, and over it in Basque the words, "Here I was baptized," are inscribed in gold letters. As a matter of course, every male child is christened Ignatius, though only the eldest of the family is called by the name. You see that marble tablet, erected by the pathway, half way to Azpeitia? The inscription states that St. Ignatius was in the habit of doffing his cap as he passed this point, to recite a *Salve Regina* with his face turned towards the little grotto on the hillside opposite, dedicated to the Immaculate Mother. No one ever goes by without following the pious example. Of this I satisfied myself by watching the peasants and priests as they passed to and fro.

The touching love and clinging of this noble people to our Blessed Lady is one great secret of their beautiful purity of life, as well as of their profound reverence and worship of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. They take her name in Baptism, coupled with that of some mystery, as Maria de la Concepcion, or Maria de los Dolores, &c., and are afterwards known by the name of the mystery. As they meet us on the way, they ejaculate, "Ave Maria purísima," to which we should answer, "Sin pecado concebida." But it is to Mary of the sevenfold Sorrows and of the Immaculate Conception that they are most attracted. And there is scarcely a church in Spain but has its altars dedicated to the Virgin Mother under both these titles. Well may Spain then be termed *La tierra de Maria Santísima*. Indeed, the whole Spanish nation with its American possessions was placed under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception so early as 1617. Who need be surprised after this that Ignacio, who was nurtured by a pious mother and brought up by his devout aunt, the Doña Maria, should have early learnt to look upon Mary as his Queen and his Protector? If the devotion of this people to our Blessed Lady is thus filial and tender, I need hardly go on to speak of their bowed awe and reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, which, as we might expect, their bright faith

inspires. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is their God and their King, and it is common to hear, all over Spain, the term "Su Magestad" applied to the Blessed Sacrament; they will snatch an half-hour, if possible, from their work when the ringing of the church bell announces that the Holy Sacrifice is to be offered, to draw near the Great High Priest and Victim who then in an especial way applies to our sin-stained souls the infinite merits of His Passion. It should be enough to point to the Basques to silence for ever our Anglican friends who assert in their ignorance that filial love for Mary, whom Jesus Christ has appointed to be our Mother, must derogate from the worship to be paid to her Son and her God.

But I must break off. Here we are at Azpeitia. We are fortunate to have come on a market-day: it gives us an opportunity of seeing thousands of these Basques assembled from the neighbouring hills and villages to buy and sell. What a noble and manly race they seem, and as they lean upon their stout medlar staffs, in that peculiar costume, how courtly is their bearing! Their fine features and grand physique are no doubt due in some measure to their frugality, activity, and mountain air, but most of all to their practical morality. Beggary, drunkenness, and theft, with their attendant vices, are scarcely known among them. One is a little puzzled, by the way, at the description of them by Tacitus, as "brown men with frizzled hair." There is this much truth in Voltaire's sneer at *un petit peuple qui saute et danse au haut de Pyrénées*, that these mountaineers are swift-footed and fond of athletic sports and dancing (though a strict separation between men and women is always observed). "To run and jump like a Basque," has passed into a proverb; and when they are not actually employed in work, they are playing their favourite game of "jeu de paume," or some other exercise of muscles. Observe these knots of them to the north of the market-place; they are about to join in a game. There is no village so poor but has its "rebot," where young and old may assemble to join in the fun. Yet though they look so merry and light-hearted, Lucan speaks of them as "the terror of the world," and certain it is neither Vandal, Roman nor Moor, was ever able to conquer them. Tiberius, the successor of Augustus, to secure their alliance, had to promise to respect their "fueros." But if indomitable when avenging wrongs or fighting for their time-honoured institutions, they are tractable when dealt with

kindly and with consideration. The Kings of Castille learnt this by experience, and in the thirteenth century the Basques submitted to them. At present they are the staunch adherents of Don Carlos, but it is rather to the principles which he represents than to his own person that they are so strongly attached. Before all else they are loyal to the Church, but they are always ready to gird on the sword and fight to the death for their Church or their King. One cannot be any time among this brave and generous people without seeing more and more, in the loyalty and devotedness of an Ignatius or a Xavier, the ideal Basque elevated and sanctified by the all-transforming power of the grace of God. Indeed, such is the light in which these good people regard their two glorious sainted compatriots. And not only is St. Ignatius the Patron of the Province of Guipuzcoa, but he is venerated by its inhabitants as the common Father of them all, and their loyal devotedness to his memory evinces itself in a staunch attachment to the Society which he founded, in the members of which they recognize the living representatives of him whom they love so well. As an instance of the loyalty of the Guicuzpoans to the Society, it will be enough to mention that the massive silver statue of St. Ignatius in priestly vestments, presented more than a century ago by the Guipuzcoans resident in Caracas, for the canopy over the high altar of the church at Loyola, was purchased by the Municipality of Azpeitia, on its being put up to auction, together with other church plate belonging to Loyola, in the year 1822, at Vitoria. Yet it was not with the intention of adorning their own parish church that the statue was bought, but in order to restore it to the altar from which it had been stolen at the end of the last century, when the French over-ran the northern provinces of Spain. The statue thus rescued from profane hands, and restored to its proper sanctuary, became the property of the Azpeitians, who accordingly, when the Society of Jesus was expelled from Spain in 1868, to save their venerated image from the itching palm of a godless Government, asserted their right to it and bore it off in procession to their own parish church, where it remained till, the Society being suffered to return to Loyola once more, it was again carried back in solemn procession to its original shrine. It must have been a really touching sight to have watched that long train, composed of ten thousand hardy mountaineers in holiday attire, as it swept along the happy valley headed by its band playing the Loyola

March, and followed by the civil and military authorities, bearing aloft the holy figure of our dear Father, flashing in the morning rays of that memorable 31st of July, 1879.

These thoughts of the loyalty and unchanging love of these truly Catholic people, and the memory of that great act of reparation were still vividly before me, as I stood in the midst of the people whose loyal deed it was, when the evening Angelus sounding over the valley warned us it was time to be retracing our steps. I felt it hard to tear myself away, but I could remain no longer. One night more at Loyola, and in a few hours I was on my way back to that native land which itself might have been called, in a day now fled, *La tierra de Maria Santisima*. How soon will her "Dowry" be restored to Mary, and "all good things come to us together with her"?

BERNARD VAUGHAN.

Creator and Creature.

PART THE FOURTH.

A POINT upon which theologians have busied themselves much, is the end which God must have had in view in bringing finite things into existence. The conclusions arrived at on such a question will, to be sure, seem wildly presumptuous in the eyes of that school which rejects teleology altogether. But Catholic truth is not the less boldly to be spoken out among ourselves, and even before aliens, because some have chosen to take up a position quite subversive of its first principles, and, therefore, also of its further developments. At the same time, we too admit that we are speaking of things not fully apprehensible by our finite intellect. We are treating of subjects which, in the words of St. John Damascene, are "neither all known nor all unknown." Moreover, of what is known we allow, with the same holy Doctor, that, in its deeper recesses, much is so obscure that it is impossible to discourse fittingly thereon. But so long as the homely motto, about half a loaf being better than no bread, holds good in a lower range of truths, so long in a higher range will it hold good that an imperfect knowledge of God, accurate as far as it goes, is better than blank agnosticism. Those are golden words of Lactantius: "Think not that thou understandest everything, for this is the attribute of God; nor yet that thou understandest nothing, for this is the condition of the brute beast. There is a middle state, which is proper to man, to wit, knowledge mixed and tempered with ignorance." After such a knowledge of the Divine purpose in creation, Catholic theology has striven; nor have her efforts been barren of fruits.

But Catholic laymen, who have no time for a systematic study of theology, what good can they hope to get from its summarized results, upon a matter that may be pronounced abstruse? Well, besides that it is always supremely desirable to add, in any way, to one's knowledge about the great Creator, a definite clearing up of views on certain oft-recurrent points will be the reward of a moderate strain of attention. For want of such information, he who hears many sermons, frequently

finds himself as if pulled opposite ways. Sometimes the preacher sets forth God's acts of beneficence as wholly for the sake of man, without any gain to the Giver. At other times the same preacher exalts the Divine All-in-all-ness by saying, that in God's every work His own glory is primary; so much so, indeed, that the good of the creature cannot strictly be said to enter in even as a secondary motive. Surely here is a perplexity, which it is worth a little trouble to disentangle. Then, again, though the explanation cannot be pursued far into its details, at least the fundamental principles, which justify God's conduct in the government of this world, are laid bare in those theological doctrines of which a summary will now be attempted.

God is not a blind potentiality, subject to an evolution as mechanical as that of the primitive nebula is supposed to have been. Neither is He the "Unconscious" of Hartmann, producing, as the effect of an unforeseeing, fatalistic self-development, a world which "is the best of all possible worlds, but worse than no world at all." God has intelligence and will. Necessarily from His intelligence there was generated the Word or Son, while from His will there proceeded the Holy Ghost. This we know by revelation, and by revelation alone. But in all other acts, that is to say, in all acts having their term outside of the Divine nature, God was free. He might create, or He might forbear to create, just as it pleased Him. What, then, *moved* Him to create? Why, in the literal sense nothing *moved* Him, for God is wholly impassible and immutable. Still, though God can be acted on by no *final cause*, which, to be such, must be something distinct from Himself, yet a *sufficient reason* He must have had, or His act would not have been worthy of an intelligent Worker. Where to place this sufficient reason; within God or without? in one object or in many? in one chiefly and in many subordinately, or in one alone that allows not even of subordinate partnership? In the answer to these questions lies the gist of the whole matter.

Hugo Grotius said that God created to satisfy an exigence, whereby He needed outward objects in which to realize certain of His attributes.¹ Optimists say that a perfect God cannot but

¹ On the point of the Divine liberty in creation, there has been a pretty constant succession of false teachings. For instance, one of the condemned propositions of Abelard is, "Quod ea solummodo possit Deus facere vel dimittere, vel eo modo tantum, vel eo tempore, quo facit et non alio." Again, Wickliff's proposition was condemned "Omnia de necessitate absoluta eveniunt." And in our own time we have had Pius the Ninth reproving the errors of Hermes "circa Dei libertatem ejusdemque operationes ad extra."

create; and, creating, cannot but create the best of worlds. For where there is a good to be attained, a perfect Being must attain it; and of all the attainable goods He must needs choose the most eligible. Of the optimistic error nothing need be said here; though it may be well, in passing, to call attention to the unique position in which God is placed, in that, being already infinitely perfect, and not having to perfect Himself by a succession of acts, it is not even a negative imperfection in Him, as it is in His saints, if, in the field of free choice, He selects what objectively is less good than other possible alternatives. But it is the idea of imperative want in God that more especially should arrest our attention. Certain writers have grown eloquent, and others have tried to do so, on what man has been led to achieve by some felt want. The desire of something better makes the race unsatisfied with its actual position. The craving of hunger, the requirements of clothing and lodging are the earliest incentives to work. Where nature supplies these needs too spontaneously, man is idle and ill-developed. The further material civilization laboriously pushes its conquests, the keener, generally, are its struggles after the territory yet beyond. It would weep with Alexander at the thought of there being no more worlds to subdue.² The admission must be made, that one effect of this insatiable greed for more is to poison man's enjoyment of what he already has; and in this sense, *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*.³ Still there is also a favourable aspect to the case. In the words of P. Gratry: "Inquiry, desire, restlessness, hope, lie at the very base of life here below. Man is dead from the instant he ceases to hope, to desire, to seek. Desire is to the soul its root, its vital source, its primal energy." So certainly it is with man, though, of course, another way of seeking peace is to still desire. But with God, how stands it? Has He too His external wants, and does He find the full measure of His bliss only in the working out of effects which will supply such wants? No, this is not the doctrine which can be tolerated in regard to God. He is essentially self-sufficing. For being the infinite Good, He can have nothing outside Himself that may exercise any force upon Him by way of attraction. Not without, then, but within self, must be sought God's sufficient reason for the act of creation. The words

² So the story is often told. But the other version just turns everything upside down. Alexander, hearing of the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, weeps that he has not subdued a single one. Perhaps the real fact was that Alexander had no time to weep about either circumstance.

³ Carlyle's version runs, "Man is not what one calls a happy animal: his appetite for sweet victual is so enormous."

"sufficient reason" are advisedly used rather than the word "motive," because the Divine choice is not strictly *motived*, inasmuch as that expression implies passivity; though, if any one likes to speak of a *quasi* motive, no objection need be raised.

The truth so far investigated has its further and completed statement in the first chapter of the Vatican Decrees: "The only true God, by His goodness and almighty power, not for the purpose of increasing His blessedness, and not for the purpose of acquiring, but rather of manifesting His perfection, by means of the good He imparts to creatures; of His free will, from the beginning of time, produced both orders of creation out of nothing, the spiritual and the corporeal." Here, as everywhere else, we may rest assured that the Council is setting forth no new doctrine. But before appealing to antiquity, it will be convenient to say more precisely what the doctrine is.

The case of the Divine intellect may serve to clear the way for a statement of the case regarding the Divine will. God's intelligence being absolutely perfect, cannot be amenable to the law, *Ex potentia et objecto gignitur cognitio*—"Knowledge is born of the concurrent action of faculty and object," a law which is obviously exemplified in the perception of sound by the joint efficiency of the ear and the resonant body. Not so do outer objects help to give the wholly self-dependent God a knowledge of themselves. They are terms of His intelligent act, but in no wise cooperant causes. Intrinsically, by the very essence of the Deity, the mind of God is determined to the knowledge of all truth, whether eternal, increased, and necessary, or temporal, created, and contingent. For God's intelligence is not a faculty going from potency to act, and needing an extrinsic determination before it can effect the passage. Now what is thus denied of God's intellect must, *mutatis mutandis*, be denied likewise of His will. Only into the latter case a new element enters, which it will be best at once to take notice of and then to dismiss, as its retention would perplex matters without corresponding gain, while to make no mention of it would leave a difficulty in the way. When, therefore, we have assigned the *quasi* motive, or *active* force,⁴ or ground of sufficient

⁴ As God's works have an intrinsic perfection, they have also an eligibility of their own; but as this does not actually lure God to make choice of them; it is not the eligibility of which there is question in the text. Rather it has the character of a condition, or *passive* eligibility. The creature must be good or God could not choose it; but the created goodness is not a motive power with God. Whether in any carefully explained sense created good may be said to weigh as a secondary motive upon God's acts, is reducible, in the end, to the convenience of extending words analogously.

reason, which makes creation an eligible term of Divine choice, we have not yet given a full account of the Divine will to create; we have yet to add the *de facto* election of the eligible term, and to say that this is quite free. Of it, and of it alone St. Augustine says, *Qui dicit, quare fecit Deus cælum et terram? respondendum ei est, quia voluit.* The free election is the part we now set aside, after a mere mention of its existence, in order to devote exclusive care to the other part and to inquire, where is to be placed the choice-worthiness,⁵ that renders creatures possible objects to arrest the Divine will? Where is to be put the *ratio boni*, the attribute of goodness, which alone is the formal object of choice? The reply is, that, just as created truth is not the determinant of God's knowledge about itself, in like manner created goodness is not even in so far forth the determinant of His will, as to form the *quasi* attraction or allurement which is presupposed before all free election. That allurement for God is found in the Divine essence itself, considered as infinitely good, and infinitely worthy to be glorified by extrinsic manifestation. Love, not of created perfection, but of the increated perfection as glorified in and by the created,—this it is that furnishes the sufficient reason of creation. God sees that His essence is in various modes, but always only analogously, imitable *ad extra*. He loves His essence, and for its sake, if He likes, He can cast various shadows of the uncreated perfection in objects externally produced; somewhat as a genial man may diffuse his pleasing influences, because these naturally tend to ray forth from his bright and sunny character, not because he feels the need of winning over others to himself. As so many merely existent perfections, creatures constitute God's extrinsic glory *objectively*, as it is termed; but in as much as created moral agents recognize and, thereupon, magnify the Creator in Himself and in His works, God has extrinsic glory in another way, and, as theologians say, *formally*.

How the doctrine just stated was set forth by Christian antiquity may be seen by any one who cares to consult the Fathers. A few specimens may be here given. "When in the beginning," says Origen, "God created what He chose to create, He had no other reason for creating than His own sake, that is, His own goodness." This is a mere repetition of the view which Athenagoras had set forth more at large: "God did not make

⁵ Here again the distinction drawn in the last note is wanted. The question is about the active choice—worthiness, the lure, the attraction, the impulse.

men purposelessly; for He is wise, and no work of wisdom is idle. Nor was it for His own utility that God made man, for He needs nothing; but he who needs nothing can have no utility to himself in his works. Again, God did not make man for the benefit of some other creature. . . . Hence if neither without purpose, nor for His own gain, nor for the sake of any creature whatever, evidently for Himself God brought man into being, and in order to show forth His own goodness and wisdom in all His works." Words like these are quite plain enough to tell what was the mind of antiquity; and it is only for the sake of letting the Latin Church have its voice heard, not because of any remaining obscurity, that the words of St. Augustine are added: "God loves us. How, then, does He love us? Is it that He seeks in us any utility or pleasure to Himself? But if He gains pleasure from us, He stands in need of good from us, a thing which no sane thinker would say; for all our good is either from Him, or simply is Himself. But who is there to whom it is not clear that Light does not lack the lustre of those things which itself illumines? And most openly the Prophet declares: *I have said to the Lord, Thou art my God, because Thou needest no goods of mine.* God therefore does not seek His pleasure in us, but (in His own way) He finds His use in us, for if He found neither use nor pleasure in us, I know not how He could love us. But the use He finds is not use as we find it. It is by means of using things that we are to come to the enjoyment of God's goodness: whereas it is to that goodness, as to its beginning, that God traces back our use. Which means to say, because God is good, we exist; and so far as we exist we are good. The use, therefore, that God has in us is referred not to His gain but to ours; in Him only to His goodness can it be referred." Here is exactly the reconciliation of an apparent paradox already mentioned; God acts wholly for Himself so far as glory is concerned; God acts wholly for us so far as utility is concerned.

As might be expected, Holy Scripture is not silent on the question under discussion. The text of the Vulgate at least says plainly enough, "The Lord hath made all things for Himself."⁶ And the reference is not only to inanimate things, but to intelligent beings, capable of proposing ends to themselves. "All nations He hath created to His own praise and name and glory."⁷ Which corresponds exactly with what Isaias reports: "I have created him for My glory, I have formed him and made him."⁸

⁶ Prov. xvi. 4.

⁷ Deut. xxvi. 19.

⁸ Isaias xliii. 7.

But it is not texts like the above that most need explanation. There is another class of texts, useful because they call attention to a difficulty, in the consideration of which great light is thrown on God's dealings. God is represented by popular philanthropists as One Whose sole object it should be to scatter abroad, almost indiscriminately, His beneficence. Now Scripture tells us plainly that beneficence to man is not primary in the Divine aims. The glory of God takes precedence of all, so that to it are subordinated the happiness and the unhappiness of creatures. If God saves, "He saved them for His own name's sake, that He might make known His power."⁹ If He punishes, then, according to a text already in part quoted, "The Lord hath made all things for Himself: the wicked also for the evil day." Not that God directly makes any man wicked; but it is because He can vindicate His own glory, even in the case of the wicked, that He is enabled to create those who He foresees will freely go astray. Sometimes, indeed, it is by punishment, but sometimes also it is by mercy penitently accepted that God triumphs in the wicked. "For My Name's sake I will remove My wrath far off; and for My praise I will bridle thee, lest thou shouldst perish. . . . For My own sake, for My own sake, I will do it, that I may not be blasphemed, and I will not give My glory to another."¹⁰ Still we see what reason is foremost in the Divine mercy. The New Testament is fully in accord with the Old. Of the man born blind and miraculously restored to sight it is said: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."¹¹ Christ, when about to finish the perfect work of His life, thus tells us what His first purpose had been: "I have glorified Thee on earth; and now glorify Thou Me, O Father, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."¹² St. Paul brings us back once more to the attributes of mercy and of justice: "What if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much patience vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction; that He might show the riches of His glory on vessels of mercy, which He hath prepared unto glory?"¹³ It is the same Apostle who gives the universal recommendation, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all for the glory of God."¹⁴ And again, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, he speaks of God, "Who hath predestined us unto the adoption of

⁹ Psalm cv. 8.¹⁰ Isaiah xlviii. 9—12.¹¹ St. John ix. 3.¹² St. John xvii. 4, 5.¹³ Romans ix. 20—23.¹⁴ 1 Cor. x. 31.

children through Jesus Christ unto Himself, according to the purpose of His will; unto the praise of the glory of His grace . . . that we may be unto the praise of His glory."¹⁵ Thus, after having followed the books of Holy Scripture in order, we come to a conclusion at the Apocalypse, where we read, "Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory, and honour, and power; because Thou hast created all things, and for Thy will they were and have been created."¹⁶ These are not the only texts that might have been brought forward, but they are enough for their purpose.

And now when the doctrine has been thus stated, probably in many minds that objection will rise up against it, which of old was made against the idea of feeding on Christ's Body: "This is a hard saying, and who can hear it? We thought that God loved us; but lo! we are told, on the highest authority, that His love for us is love of Himself." Undoubtedly, at first sight, there is some difficulty; which, however, is substantially disposed of as soon as people perceive, that it is the sheer necessity of an all-perfect nature, indeed part of its perfection, which prevents God from having the form of benevolence common to creatures. God simply cannot put himself second to any one on any occasion. He would not be God if He could. Though really and truly loving man, He loves in the only way that fits in with the dignity of the Creator. Hence His attitude towards others cannot, without gross misconception of terms, be identified with what is selfishness in creatures. Rather, just as it is nobler for man to love his fellows, not for their own poor claims, but from the motive of Divine charity—that is to say, in God and for God—so it is more perfect that God should love creatures for identically the same reason. There is no loveableness in them that is not derived from Him, and that is not so derived as to remain pre-eminently in the source whence it is issued. In vain, then, would God seek to add to the motives of His love by taking account of human attractions. Already in Himself He has an infinitely sufficient prompting to acts of benevolence, and to no lower prompting can He be subject.

Another consideration that will take off the edge from what seems to be a weapon unwittingly forged by theologians against themselves, is the fact that God seeks, not utility, but glory in His creatures; and that He has placed that glory, as far as His

¹⁵ Ephes. i. 6—13.¹⁶ Apoc. iv. 11.

own design is concerned, and ultimately at least, in the happiness of each of His intelligent creatures. The beatitude of the just in Heaven is the extrinsic glory of God. It is no drop of bitterness in their cup that, following the immutably right order of things, they refer their own bliss to the praise of its great Fountain-Head. It is no fair statement of the case, therefore, simply to say that God uses all creatures for His own purposes; and to leave these words to be taken in the odious sense they would bear if spoken of some common, self-interested being, one of ourselves, not "the one Lord, God omnipotent," "the α and the ω , the beginning and the end."

The point which it forms the main object of these papers to bring out, namely, the greatness of God's sovereignty over all, is once more enforced strongly—how strongly needs no saying—by the truth which has been set forth in the present number. I call it the more boldly a truth because, over and above the fullest individual conviction, which might avail little beyond the individual, the doctrine comes to a Catholic guaranteed by a mark of special evidence, the worth of which outsiders must quite fail duly to estimate. The doctrine is a firmly knit part of a well-established whole. Only those who have made themselves acquainted with the theology of the Church, can have any idea of what a compact system that is, of which the present subject forms a portion; and how multitudinous, intricate, minute, and wonderful are the bonds of cohesion. All that reason has discovered, all that Divine authority has revealed, all that the ablest minds have said by way of comment on revelation—all this we have received in unbroken succession; and by such a process alone, speaking merely in the natural order, can any wide-reaching system be hopefully wrought out. So alone can we become possessed of Christian truth in all its bearings. So alone are we assured that no oversight has been made; that no gross inconsistency lurks undetected; that no future discovery is to be feared which may undo all. If during her long ages the Catholic Church has not got to a true appreciation of the authenticity and the meaning of Scripture, then no certainty on these points is forthcoming; and the labour of generations is wasted. Assuredly, in such a matter, the men of the future will not succeed where the men of the past have failed. It is ridiculous for a Strauss, at this time of day, to come in with radically new theories in the successive editions of his *Life of Christ*, intruding his own wild

fancies upon the Gospel narrative, and leaving, as the result of all his work, only many minds unsettled, but no school, probably no pupil, ready to swear by the changeful word of the master. Equally ridiculous is it for M. Renan, a very prince in the court of fine phrase and namby pamby, to meddle with the solemn topics of theology. Such subjects are not for him; he being, in the words of a writer in *Mind*, "a dilettante who has a singular power of escaping from all fixed views, and of giving to all solutions a vague and indifferent form. Persuaded that what is extreme is false, and that truth lies only in *nuances*, he speaks the language of all the schools, exciting the admiration and the anger of all." And yet in this age of ours, keen-witted in many directions, but not in one—Strauss and Renan have powerfully contributed to give currency to extreme views about the gravest of all subjects, where, if anywhere, solid argument ought to prevail over flights of imagination.

It is no new fact in the world's history for literary peacocks, by a brilliant display of tail, to distract attention from the ugly feet on which they stand. Among a people highly educated, with a view rather to delicacy than to solidity, apostles of sweet unreasonableness are sure to spring up and to find listeners in abundance among those who, spiritually at least, must be classed among the frivolous, quite satisfied if their ears are pleasantly tickled, for a few occasional hours, by various adepts in the titillating craft! Meantime, quite another category of men, the salt of the earth, with minds keenly logical and hearts devoted to clear-cut, definite truth, have foregone the pleasures of the world in order that, "living laborious days," they might bequeath to posterity what in show is often poor, but in substance is always rich. We have entered upon their inheritance. And from amid the treasures of wisdom thus made over to us, the present paper has the humble aim of gathering up a few of the leading doctrines that serve more fully to elucidate the answer to the old catechism question, "Why did God make man?" The reply is, "For Himself alone; yet so that man has all the gain." This is apparent paradox, but only apparent.

JOHN RICKABY.

The True Story of Don Carlos.

NOWADAYS, no man of sense or education would care to own that his chief stock of historical knowledge was derived from romances or tragedies. And yet how many there really are who know little of history save what they have culled from the pages of a Walter Scott, or from the plays of a William Shakespeare! The truth is, that the works of genius and imagination will ever be more readily read and easily recollected than volumes of research and erudition, even when the historian has added to these last the graces of a pleasing pen. Far be it from us to deride, as lacking all historical value, works of imagination based upon historical subjects. Fiction can give, and often has given the world more vivid and more faithful pictures of the past than ever the historian can hope to produce, and avowed fiction has often served history better than have the pointed periods of Macaulay, or the partisan pages of Motley. Still genius and imagination have much to answer for in spreading abroad false notions of history, and few historical episodes have suffered more in this way than has the sad story of Don Carlos, the unhappy son of Philip the Second, King of Spain. Whatever may be the relative merits as poets of Alfieri and Schiller, the Italian and the German are rivals in bending stubborn facts to the exigencies of fiction. The tragedies of "Philip the Second," and of "Don Carlos," turning for their plots on the disappointed love of the young Prince for Queen Isabella, his step-mother, are outrages against historical truth. "As to the amours of the Prince and the Queen," says Motley, "they had never any existence save in the imagination of poets." The hand of Isabella of Valois had, indeed, been destined for Don Carlos, but by the Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis, in 1559, she became the bride of Philip the Second, again a widower by the death of Queen Mary of England. When the destiny of Isabella was thus changed, Don Carlos was only fourteen years of age, and he had not then

seen his future step-mother. And when at length, in 1560, he met her at Toledo, after her marriage with Philip the Second, some curiosity was excited about the first interview, owing to what had happened at the Congress of Cateau-Cambresis. The daughter of Catharine of Medicis showed to the Prince a face full of kindliness, and in which was depicted the interest she felt in his condition, for the poor Prince seemed quite exhausted. Don Carlos was touched by the Queen's greeting, and thenceforth he entertained for her those feelings of reverence and respect which never afterwards deserted him.¹ If later on Philip the Second prevented his wife and his son from meeting each other at critical moments in their lives, sufficient cause for the King's conduct is to be found in the condition of his son, without attaching to it romantic explanations nowhere to be found in serious history. These few words will suffice, it is hoped, to dispel from the story of Don Carlos a halo of romance that poets, and even historians unworthy of their calling, have cast around it.

Romantic brambles brushed from our path, we may now go on to examine three points relating to the story of Don Carlos. First, what was the character and condition of this unfortunate young Prince? Secondly, what was the conduct of his father towards him? And thirdly, what were the causes of the death of Don Carlos? These are points that have been studied and discussed, not to speak of earlier writers, by such various and eminent authorities as Raumer, Ranke, Prescott, Gachard, Baumstark, and many more, and it would be hopeless now to attempt to cast a new light on this much debated subject. The archives of Europe have assuredly yielded up all the secrets they concealed in this matter. All that can be done in this paper is to let "Justice, with her lifted scale," weigh the truth and record the results.

Don Carlos was born in Valladolid, at midnight, on July 8, 1545. He was the eldest born child of Philip the Second by his first wife, Doña Maria of Portugal. She died five days after the birth of her son. The early education of Don Carlos was intrusted to his aunts, and to a pious lady of the Court, during the absence of Philip from Spain. Their charge was not a promising child. If the Venetian Ambassador, Paolo Tiepolo, may be trusted, the violence of the infant was such as to inflict dangerous injuries on three of his nurses. The same authority

¹ Gachard, *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* i. 60.

relates that until the age of five, Don Carlos was dumb, and that the first word he ever uttered was a decided and ominous No! Anyhow, it is ascertained beyond doubt that the Prince, at the age of twenty-one, underwent an operation on his tongue. An entry in an account-book found in the archives of Simancas proves this. And yet the child was not wholly devoid of feeling or intelligence. When his aunt, Doña Juana, left him to go to Portugal, in 1552, the Prince wept much, exclaiming, "What will become of this child, left alone here, without father or mother, my grandfather away in Germany, and my father at Monzon?"² Philip, who had returned for a short time to Spain, before embarking for England, where he was about to marry Mary Tudor, appointed a household for his son, and gave him as his tutor Honorato Juan—a choice universally approved. The tutor was a man of forty-seven years of age, came of an old and respected family, and had studied at Louvain, and was considered one of the most learned men of his times. His knowledge of Latin and Greek literature, of natural and moral philosophy, and mathematics, was thorough, and astonished the learned men of various lands with whom he came in contact. He was, moreover, a man of high moral character and piety. At a subsequent date he took Holy Orders, and died Bishop of Osma.³ He took great pains with his pupil, and at first his labours seemed likely to be rewarded, but the studious dispositions of the Prince were soon dissipated, and in the autumn of 1558, Honorato Juan had to write in confidence to the King about the difficulties he encountered in the faithful discharge of his duties.⁴ Don Garcia Toledo, governor of the Prince's household, a little earlier in the same year, wrote to Charles the Fifth that, "as to study and bodily exercises, Don Carlos did not progress as well as could be wished."⁵ The death of the Emperor, too, was not without effect on Don Carlos, who respected and feared his grandfather. The latter only had seen his grandson, for the first and last time, when he was at Valladolid, on his way to his monastic retreat at Yuste. The Emperor took pleasure in telling his grandson of his military exploits. One day he was relating the way in which the Elector Maurice had forced him to take flight. Don Carlos, to the amusement and admiration of all, insisted with energy,

² *Coleccion de documentos inéditos*, xxvi. 392, quoted by Gachard.

³ Ath. Kircher, *Principis christiani archetypum politicum*, p. 135 and p. 146.

⁴ *Coleccion de documentos inéditos*, xxvi. 398.

⁵ *Ibid.* xxvi. 405.

that had he been in the Emperor's place, he never would have fled.⁶ On other occasions the young Prince showed his grandfather the violence of his character. One day he saw a stove brought from the Netherlands, and he insisted with such obstinacy on his grandfather giving it to him, that to quiet him, the Emperor promised to bequeath it to him. Some accounts say that Charles the Fifth was well pleased with his descendant. Some say differently, and that the Prince's turbulent manners and ways, and disrespect for his aunt, vexed the Emperor greatly.⁷ The rule of life for Don Carlos at this time was to rise at seven. Prayers and breakfast made it half-past eight, when he assisted at Mass. Then he studied until dinner at eleven. The afternoon he spent in conversation and play until half-past three, when he took collation and returned to his studies. Before or after supper, according to the season, he walked or rode in the country, and after reciting the Rosary, retired to bed at a little after nine, and so enjoyed some ten hours of sleep, rarely awaking during the night.⁸ It would seem that at this time the state of the Prince's health was satisfactory, though his colourless cheeks, and other symptoms, showed that the seeds were in him of that fever that caused him during so many years, so much languor and suffering. The summer of 1557 in Spain was very hot and unhealthy, and fever seized upon the Prince, and thenceforth his life became a series of relapses and recoveries. The fever weakened him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to assist at the great ceremonies of State, and when, on one occasion, he was acting as godfather at the baptism of his half-sister, Isabella, he would have let the infant fall, had not his uncle, Don John of Austria, taken the child from the feeble arms of his nephew.

For the sake of his health, it was thought well that Don Carlos should reside for some time at the famous University of Alcala de Henarez, founded by Cardinal Ximenes. Don Carlos had not been there long when he met with an accident which endangered his life. One Sunday evening, the 19th of April, 1562, he was hurriedly descending a small and steep staircase of the palace which led to the garden, when he slipped and fell. The cries he raised brought to the spot Don Garcia Toledo and

⁶ Gachard, *Relations des ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, p. 14.

⁷ Mignet, *Charles-Quint*, pp. 153—155.

⁸ Gachard, *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* i. p. 25.

others of the Prince's household. They carried the Prince to his chamber, where the doctors were quickly in attendance. The head of Don Carlos had received a wound about the size of a thumb-nail. This the doctors dressed, but the Prince suffered so cruelly that they began to desist from their work. Luis Quijada, so long the faithful friend and attendant of Charles the Fifth, and who now was attached to the Prince's household, urged them to continue their efforts. "Treat his Royal Highness," he said, "not as if he were a prince but as a private individual." The Spanish doctors continued to dress the wound, and to dose and bleed their patient by turns, with little or no result. The Florentine Ambassador judged them to be very poor practitioners. The French Ambassador Fourquevaux, on another occasion, though about the same time, judged them even more harshly. He calls them "coarse beasts, puffed up with presumption and pride." Equally severe are the strictures of the Venetian and English diplomatists. Philip the Second, however, as soon as he heard of his son's accident, hurried to him from Madrid, and brought with him Vesale, who had been physician to Charles the Fifth, and who enjoyed a great reputation. He was a native of Brussels, and had lectured on anatomy with success in five of the Universities of Europe. The Duke of Alva and the Prince of Eboli, with other members of the Council of State, hastened to Alcala. The doctors had examined the skull of the Prince, and found it intact, and the operation, having caused great loss of blood, seemed to have done good. The improvement was only momentary. The symptoms became alarming, and on May 5th Don Carlos became delirious. Public prayers were offered up, and processions took place throughout Spain to obtain from God the recovery of the Prince. None were more unceasing in their care for the Prince, and in offering prayers to Heaven, than Philip the Second. Count Annibal d'Emps, a nephew of Pope Paul the Fourth, then on a special mission to Spain, said that nothing was more heartrending to see than the livid face and lifeless form of Don Carlos, except the sight of the King, who, with tears in his eyes, watched eagerly at the bedside of his only son. "It was a sight that would have drawn tears from stones."

The stern Alva was nearly as assiduous. From the hour of his arrival he never left the Prince's bedside, save to snatch a few moments' repose on a couch hard by. All, in a word, were rivals in their attentions to the dying youth. The gentleness

and thoughtfulness of the once wayward youth were remarkable, and his devotion was great in receiving the last consolations of religion. On May 8th the doctors declared that he had only a few hours to live. It was decided that it was better for the King to go away, and he departed at night-time in the midst of a terrible tempest. After the Royal departure, the doctors resolved to make a final effort to save the Prince's life by trepanning. The result was satisfactory. The Duke of Alva, also, caused the body of a religious named Fray Diego, who a century earlier had died in the odour of sanctity, to be brought from a neighbouring convent to the room of the Prince, who was touched by the relics. Soon after this the Prince began to breathe more freely, and after a copious bleeding he fell into a calm sleep, which lasted six hours. The same night, as Don Carlos afterwards related, the holy man Diego appeared to him. Don Carlos thenceforth entertained great devotion to the Blessed Diego, and sought to obtain his canonization from Rome. It is only right to add that Don Carlos in his will, and Philip in his correspondence, are silent about the apparition. Be that as it may, the Prince began to recover. A Moorish charlatan was allowed to try his remedies on the Prince. The effects of them were so alarming that the doctors again took the case into their own hands. By the middle of May the King was allowed to see his son again, and the latter grew well so rapidly that on the 24th a thanksgiving was held at Madrid. Two months later the Prince was able to travel to the capital, to the great joy of the whole people.⁹ Cabrera supposes that the fall of Don Carlos injured his brain, and was the cause of his subsequent insanity. Gachard confutes this opinion by opposing to it a long will Don Carlos made not long after his recovery from his accident. "It is full of sense, of reason, and of feeling," says Gachard; "it is inspired by the noblest and most generous sentiments. If history had to judge Don Carlos by this will, it could only speak in praise of him."¹⁰ It must, however, be recollected that this will, for which Don Carlos gave directions, was probably in reality the work of the learned Hernan Suarez, a man of gentle manners and great prudence, master of the Prince's household. It is most likely that the will is no more proof of the Prince's sanity than the fall at Alcala was the cause

⁹ See in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, the documents relating to the fall and recovery of the Prince.

¹⁰ Gachard, op. cit. i. 142.

of his insanity. Don Carlos inherited insanity, but it is as difficult to determine at what period of his life he really became insane as it is to fix the period in the play when Hamlet's madness began. If obliged to fix a date, we should say that Don Carlos became insane soon after the fever, that had hung about him so many weary years, left him in the beginning of the summer of 1564.

The portraits which his contemporaries have left of Don Carlos are not flattering. He was neither tall nor stout. His complexion was fair and colourless, his forehead high, his chin long and projecting, his features regular, his head of moderate size, his hair brown and glossy. One shoulder was higher than the other, and the right leg shorter than the left; he was weak on his legs, and slightly hunched and hollow-chested. He disliked all bodily exercise, and could neither ride nor fence well. His conversation displayed a strange mixture of intelligence and childishness. He was fond of asking numerous questions. His memory was excellent. He stammered slightly, and pronounced his *r*'s and *l*'s with difficulty. Moreover, his voice was small and weakly. Whatever he did, he did with an over-eagerness that scarcely paused to distinguish good from evil, and what was beneficial from what was baneful. He loved few and hated many. Whatever happened at the moment to be uppermost in his mind, that he would blurt out. He was proud and stubborn. He was given to over-eating, and would devour a capon richly dressed at one sitting unaided. He disliked wine, and like his ancestor, Charles the Bold, drank only water. Such is the description of the Prince given in the despatches of the envoys of the Emperor and of the Venetian Republic.¹¹ Allowing for all exaggerations, it must be admitted that Don Carlos was not possessed of a sound mind in a sound body.

Philip the Second showed in his behaviour to his son much kindness and immense patience. On his return to Spain, he had given him the Order of the Golden Fleece. He had sought to obtain from the various Cortes of Spain the recognition of the Prince as his heir to the sovereignty of other provinces as well as to that of Castille, where he had been accepted betimes—a recognition only prevented by the repeated attacks of fever which made the Prince unable to endure the fatigue of long ceremonies. When the fever finally left Don Carlos, his father began to initiate him into State affairs. He gave him a place

¹¹ See Gechard, *Don Carlos*, i. pp. 144—149.

in the Council of State, and if he did not admit his son to that private cabinet in which the King alone decided and directed the great affairs of State, it was because Philip shared with few or none the secrets of that cabinet, admittance to which Don Carlos by his conduct had done nothing to merit. The King, too, desired to arrange for the marriage of his son. Here again his intentions were defeated, for when negotiations were begun on the subject it became too clear to the father that his son would never be fit to marry or to reign. Long negotiations on the subject were carried on with many Courts. Catherine of Medicis sought to obtain Don Carlos as a husband for her daughter, Margaret of Valois. The Princes of Lorraine wished him to marry Mary Stuart. Philip the Second hoped, as she did herself, that he might prefer his aunt, Doña Juana. The Emperor Ferdinand destined for the Prince the hand of his grand-daughter, the Archduchess Anne, and it was to the last-named Princess that Don Carlos gave the preference.¹² The Cortes of Castille having twice, the last time in 1566, expressed a wish that the Prince should soon marry, Don Carlos upbraided the members in a strange and rude manner, and evinced great displeasure. The King, owing to the troubles in the Netherlands, had spoken of his intention of going thither, leaving his son as his Lieutenant-General at Madrid. Don Carlos insisted that if the King went, he must follow. In this wise began the strange conduct of the Prince towards his father and all around him.¹³

In the beginning of 1567 the Prince's insanity began to display itself by strange and violent acts. One day he attempted to throw out of the window a keeper of his wardrobe who had displeased him. Another day he struck a blow at one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber who had failed to answer his call quickly. On another occasion he threatened his major-domo with his dagger. Sometimes he would amuse himself with his companions in the street in beating children and insulting passers-by. Many instances are related of his cruelty towards animals. Once he spent five hours in his stables, so ill-treating the horses that twenty-five were injured for life. Another time he borrowed a favourite horse of his father and used it so brutally that it died. The historians and contemporary documents are full of instances of his cruel and stupid character, which was not wholly devoid, however, of some brighter traits.

¹² Gachard, *Don Carlos*, chap. viii.

¹³ Op. cit. ii. 385.

He relieved a poor debtor who had applied to him for help, and often exercised his generosity in providing for foundlings and orphans.¹⁴

Three of the extravagant outrages committed by Don Carlos at length determined Philip to give up the kindnesses he had so long showered on his son, and to have resort to severer measures. The first of these outrages was against Alva. When the Prince heard that the Duke was leaving for Flanders, he was so furious that when Alva came into the Prince's presence at Aranjuez to bid him farewell, Don Carlos, dagger in hand, flew like a wild beast upon Alva, crying: "You must not go to Flanders or you must die!" Alva, with an iron grasp, seized the uplifted arm of the unfortunate youth and held him at bay until others coming into the chamber, Don Carlos withdrew. Again, Grimaldi, the Genoese banker, having brought some money as a loan to the Prince, expressed himself as being ever at the Prince's service. Don Carlos accepted the compliment as earnest, and ordered the banker forthwith to bring him an enormous sum of money. The money-lender protested his inability in vain, and at last only escaped payment in full or heavy penalties by bringing the Prince a good round sum in ready money. Don Carlos wanted the money for a secret project he had made to leave Spain and to go to Italy or Germany, or perhaps to the Netherlands. He had always entertained a desire to go thither, which his father naturally thwarted. A Prince that had not learned to obey, was not fit to rule over the disaffected provinces of a vast empire. It was this desire of Don Carlos, together with the growing dislike he had to his father, that made him anxious to fly to Flanders, made him jealous of Alva and his mission, made him amass money which as soon as heaped together was dissipated by play and other ignoble means, and gave rise to the rumour that he was in league with the rebels in the Low Countries.¹⁵

The third outrage to which reference has been made was of a kind especially to arouse his father's anger. It was widely rumoured that Don Carlos neglected his religious duties. To disprove this, he went to confession to a priest at a monastery just outside Madrid, on occasion of a jubilee. Failing to obtain absolution, he appealed to some theologians hastily summoned

¹⁴ Gachard, *Don Carlos*, 394—397; Prescott, *Philip the Second*, bk. iv, chap. vi.; Cabrera, and others.

¹⁵ Gachard, ii. pp. 409—421.

together, and wished them to constrain the priest to absolve him, although he admitted that he had the desire to take a man's, or some thought he said the King's, life. Naturally the theologians refused to do what he wanted. Then he wished to be allowed to approach the altar-rails at the time of Holy Communion, and to receive from the priest an unconsecrated wafer. This scandalous proposal was refused, and Don Carlos withdrew to his palace. Even when the tidings of these doings reached the King, the cup of his anger did not overflow. Meanwhile Don Carlos was preparing for flight. He took into his confidence his constant companion, Don John, whom the King had lately made generalissimo of his naval forces. By providing vessels for his voyage to Italy, Don John could materially facilitate his flight. Don John was too grateful to his brother for all the benefits Philip had conferred on him, too loyal in his nature and too clear-sighted not to see all the folly of his nephew's conduct, and as soon as he could escape from the dangerous importunities of Don Carlos, he went to the King and revealed all. Don John was ordered to remain at the King's palace. This was on January 18, 1568, a Sunday, on the morning of which day the French Ambassador was received in audience by the King. He found Philip calm and composed as if nothing extraordinary had happened or was about to happen. Yet almost at that hour Don Carlos had been ordering the Postmaster-General to prepare relays of horses for his projected escape from Spain, and Philip the Second had resolved that night to arrest his son—the heir to so many kingdoms. Remembering the conduct of the son and the longanimity of the father, can we blame the latter if at last he forgot the father in the king, and saw in the son only an unworthy heir of a mighty empire?¹⁶

The arrest of Don Carlos need not detain us long, as its details are accurately given by Prescott and others. On Sunday evening above mentioned, Philip sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada, and spoke to them, says a contemporary document, as never man had spoken. Shortly before midnight a strange procession silently took its way from the King's to the Prince's apartments in the palace. First came the Duke of Feria, Captain of the Royal Guard, bearing a lantern; next the other Ministers named above; the

¹⁶ See Gachard, Baumstark, Prescott, &c., in all of whose books full and interesting details may be found on the subject just treated above.

King, with armour under his robes, a helmet on his head, and a sword by his side; two gentlemen in waiting; two servants bearing nails and hammers, and the lieutenant and twelve of the King's body-guard. Silently they entered the room where slept the Prince. De Foix, the French engineer, had secretly dismounted the ingenious locks he had contrived for the door of Don Carlos' room. A slight noise made in removing from his bed a sword, a dagger, and a loaded arquebuse that were beside him, awoke the Prince, who cried, "Who is there?" "The Council of State," was the reply. Don Carlos leapt from his bed, and thereupon the King advanced towards him. At the sight of his father, calm and stern, the unfortunate youth exclaimed, "What do you want? Does your Majesty want to kill me?" The King bade him be composed, ordered the windows to be nailed up, all arms and any destructive implements to be removed, and the Prince's papers to be seized. Don Carlos, seeing himself arrested, became furious, attempted, some say, to throw himself into a fire that burned in his room, and appealed to his father for mercy, and reproached him for his tyranny and his harshness. "Henceforth I am only your King—no longer your father," replied Philip, as the French Ambassador relates. The words were significant, and explain much. The King, after ordering such precautions as he deemed needful for the safe custody of the Prince, withdrew from a scene in which he had played a terrible part with the composure of a brute, or perhaps rather of a man whose conscience was at rest. As for Don Carlos, an imprisonment began that could end only with his death. Among the papers found in his room were lists of those he loved and those he hated "unto death." Among the former were the Queen Isabella, Don John, and Luis Quijada; among the latter Ruy Gomez, Alva, and the King his father!¹⁷

Such an event as the arrest of the heir of the Spanish monarchy required to be explained to the various authorities in different parts of Philip's domains and to the different Courts of Europe. Philip, in announcing the arrest to the Cortes of Castille and to the representatives and local authorities of other provinces, forbade them to send him any deputations or addresses of condolence. The archbishops and bishops were ordered to continue the usual prayers "for Thy servants, the Pope, Philip our King, the Queen, and our Prince and Royal

¹⁷ Gachard, *Don Carlos*, ii. 477—482.

Family." To the generals and provincials of religious orders he wrote, telling them to prevent their preachers touching on the subject then uppermost in men's minds. To the Duke of Albuquerque, the Viceroy of Navarre, Philip wrote more explicitly than to others: "The temper and character of the Prince have for so long a time made him conduct himself in so strange a manner, and this conduct has gone on so long and so far, that, after having fruitlessly used all the means and remedies that love and fatherly affection could counsel me to try, I was at length forced, putting aside all other considerations save my duty to God and the welfare of my kingdoms and states, to have recourse to this measure, as the only real means by which to satisfy my obligations."¹⁸ To the Emperor and his Consort, and to the Dowager-Queen of Portugal, the King sent autograph letters. Unfortunately a part of the correspondence with the Dowager-Queen is missing. He caused more formal letters to be sent to the Sovereigns of England and France and other countries. Verbal communications were made by the Prince of Eboli, Ruy Gomez, to various Ambassadors at Madrid. All these communications, it has been remarked, have about them a character of vagueness. After carefully reading the accounts given of them, they seem to us clear enough. The King had been long afflicted by the conduct of the Prince, which was such that did any private individual now-a-days in our country adopt it, he would very soon be lodged in Newgate or Hanwell. The determining cause of Don Carlos' arrest was his projected flight, which if successful would have set the Spanish monarchy in flames from end to end. And if Philip did not express clearly his intentions as regarded the imprisoned Prince, it was because the cause was still *sub judice*. An inquiry had been opened and many witnesses were heard. Probably, as the Nuncio wrote to the Pope, it was the King's intention to collect evidence of the Prince's insanity, to submit these proofs to the Holy See, and to obtain thence a dispensation of their oaths of allegiance for the people of Castille and Leon who had recognized Don Carlos as their future Sovereign. It is, however, a mere fable that the cause of Don Carlos ever came to trial. All the stories regarding the existence of documents relating to such a trial, from that related by the Spanish historian Cabrera to the more recent report that they had been found among the family papers of a German

¹⁸ Gachard, *Don Carlos*, Ap. B.

General who, serving in the French army in 1810, had possessed himself of them, are totally unfounded.¹⁹ Anyhow, a trial of any kind would have availed little, since the unfortunate Prince was fast approaching his end.

It will be well to examine here, as briefly as possible, the communications that passed regarding Don Carlos, between Madrid and Rome. Both Prescott and Motley have estimated highly the importance of these communications. Philip had sent an autograph letter, dated from Madrid, January 20, 1568, to the Pope, St. Pius the Fifth, regarding the arrest of Don Carlos, along with instructions to Don Zuñiga, Spanish Ambassador in Rome.²⁰ The latter, says Prescott, "informed Philip that the Pope, dissatisfied with the account which he had been given of the transaction, desired a further explanation of it from his Majesty. . . . Philip at once wrote a letter to the Pope containing a full account of the transaction. It was written in cipher, with the recommendation that it should be submitted to Granvelle, then in Rome, if His Holiness could not interpret it. This letter is doubtless in the Vatican." This letter, remarks the same historian elsewhere, "should it ever be brought to light, would probably unfold the true reasons of the arrest of Don Carlos."²¹ Motley attaches equal importance to this second letter to the Pope. "As to the process and death of the Prince," he says, "the mystery has not yet been removed, and the field is still open to conjecture. It seems a thankless task to grope in the dark seeking the truth from a variety of sources, when the truth really exists in tangible shape, if profane hands could be laid upon it. The secret is buried in the bosom of the Vatican. Philip wrote two letters on the subject to Pius the Fifth. . . . The second letter, in which he narrated, or is supposed to have narrated, the whole course of the tragic proceedings, down to the death and burial of the Prince, has never yet been made public."²² The contents of this second letter are now known. The letter itself may never be found. Anyhow, it is not in the Vatican, and the evident animus of Motley's words is wasted. Gachard was unable to discover the letter in the archives of Simancas. Researches at the Vatican failed in bringing it to light. At last Theiner was able to point out to Mgr. de Ram a Latin version of it in the Ecclesiastical Annals

¹⁹ Gachard, *Don Carlos*, ii. 514—520.

²⁰ Op. cit. ii. 500.

²¹ Prescott, *Philip II.* bk. iv. chap. vii.

²² Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i. p. 400.

of Laderchi. Cardinal Alessandrino, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pius the Fifth, had kept the original among his private papers, to which Laderchi had access, and hence was enabled to enrich his work with this valuable document. And yet after all this letter, so eagerly desired, tells us nothing that we did not already know from other sources. Philip only repeats in it the old, and, as we think, the true explanation of his conduct towards his son. The King felt keenly his responsibility for the many principalities and realms committed by God to his charge. His eldest-born son, by intellect and by character and by his actions, was unworthy to assume the burdens of government after his father. Hence the latter had been obliged to take rigorous measures against his unworthy heir, pending further deliberations as to what should be done in so important a matter. Meanwhile, every attention should be paid to the temporal and spiritual wants of the Prince. Such is the substance of the eagerly sought-for letter. It must have bitterly disappointed those who expected to find in it a full confession of Philip's guilt. Fortunately for the King, unfortunately for those who love to deal in horrors and romance, a plain tale has once more disposed of the misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green.²²

It may not be without interest to know what Queen Elizabeth wrote to her Ambassador at Madrid—Dean Mann—on hearing of the imprisonment of Don Carlos. "You shall also," she wrote, "in our name, give the King thanks for his friendly and brotherly dealing with us in his usually advertysing hither to us by his Ambassadors of suche accidents as be of any note and worthy reporting, amongst all wich we weare sorry only for this last touching his sonne, and yet we trust the King wisdom will appeare such as for the reformation of any thing amisse in the Prince his sonne. It shall appeare to have been a very good fortune for his sonne to have received reformation by so deere and good a father." The minute of the above is in the State Paper Office, but bears an evident misdate. The hope expressed by the English Queen was shared by other foreign powers. The imprisonment of Don Carlos was indeed not destined to be long, but it was to end, not in reformation, but in death. Philip himself never imagined that the imprisonment of his son was a mere measure for his correction. "What has been done," he wrote to the Emperor, "is no temporary measure, and no change will be made in it hereafter."

²² Gachard, *Don Carlos*, ii. 553.

The prison allotted to the poor Prince was a single room in a tower of that Royal Palace at Madrid which, enlarged by Charles the Fifth, was destroyed by fire in the last century. The room had only one window, barred and boarded up so as to admit light and air and intercept the view. The fireplace was also grated, to prevent the prisoner, in an access of despair, from casting himself on the fire. A small opening in the wall permitted the Prince to see into a neighbouring chamber, fitted up as a chapel, where Mass was frequently said by his confessor. Ruy Gomez, assisted by several gentlemen of the royal household, some servants, and guards, had charge of the prisoner. They were ordered to keep him in sight night and day, and only to converse with him in such tones that persons in the outer chamber might hear what was said. The Prince's food was cut up before it was served to him, so that he might have no need of a knife. None were to approach him until they had laid aside their weapons. Books of devotion were provided for the Prince's use. It would seem, however, that he was allowed others, as well as writing materials, since he studied, it is said, Spanish law, and wrote much. The stringent rules made for the guidance of Ruy Gomez and his assistants, were drawn up by Philip himself. At Easter, the Prince performed all his religious duties with great devotion, and for some time his conduct was free from all excesses. In the earlier days of his imprisonment he had attempted to starve himself, until, after forty-eight hours of fasting, nature overcame his resolution. He had likewise swallowed a diamond, then popularly believed to be poisonous. His long fast had only served to improve his bodily health, while religion had restored to him peace of mind. The improvement was not of long duration. He began to make use of ice and of iced water, of which he had always been a great drinker, to such an extent that, added to the quantities of fruit he consumed, it brought on an illness. Of course Philip has been blamed for allowing such excesses, but it may be urged on the King's behalf that such excesses prevented worse. Finding his will was not strong enough to make starvation end his miseries on earth, Don Carlos went to the opposite extreme—to which he had ever been addicted—of over-eating. One day he ate a large partridge pie, pastry and all, and he fell so grievously sick in consequence, that by the 19th of July his case was pronounced hopeless.

From that hour, Don Carlos became perfectly composed in

mind. He dictated his last will, remembering in it not merely his friends, but also Ruy Gomez and others, whom he considered as the chief instigators of his imprisonment, and who had acted as his gaolers. He confessed himself to his confessor with signs of great humility and contrition, and adored the Blessed Sacrament with great devotion, though on account of his vomiting he was unable to communicate. He desired to bid his father farewell. The stern Philip, the inexorable King that had taken the place of the Prince's father on the night of the arrest of Don Carlos, refused the request. Perhaps Philip was right. An interview might have destroyed the poor Prince's peace of mind. Still, we should have liked to think the story true that Philip, even though unseen, had given his son a last blessing. Alas! the too duty-bound sovereign knew not that

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

Don Carlos had a great desire to live, at least to the eve of St. James' day—having a great devotion to the patron saint of Spain. One day he asked how long it was to the eve of that saint's feast, which fell on the 25th of July. Being assured by the doctor that it was four days off, he replied, "my sufferings and your labours, then, must yet last four days." He grew gradually weaker, and, at the same time, more and more resigned. The eve was at length at hand, and when told that midnight had struck, he exclaimed, "The time has come!" With a crucifix on his breast, and a blessed taper in his hand, with the help of his confessor, he joined in the prayers for those in their agony. At the words, *Deus, propitius esto mihi peccatori!* he made an effort to strike his breast. Already he declared that he forgave the King his father, and all those who had anything to do with his imprisonment. His strength grew less, until at one in the morning of the eve of St. James' day, conscious to the end, he breathed his last, edifying all by his Christian death. This is the account given in the letters of the Nuncio, of various Ambassadors, and in an Italian contemporary narrative.²⁴

²⁴ Gachard, *Don Carlos*, ii. 609.

Such was the end of this unfortunate Prince, aged only twenty-three years and sixteen days. He was buried, by his desire, in the habit of a Franciscan friar. A great funeral service was held at Madrid, and Requiem Masses were celebrated there, throughout the Spanish dominions, and in the chief cities of Christendom. By the desire of Philip, at most of these no funeral orations were delivered. His remains were first deposited in the Church of St. Dominic, at Madrid, after having been recognized by many high officials and dignitaries. Among them was the French Ambassador, who wrote to his Court: "I saw his face, which, save being a little yellow, was not altered by his illness; but, I am told, his body is a mere pack of bones." The coffin was again opened in 1573, on being transferred to the Escorial, its final resting-place. Philip withdrew, as was his wont on all mournful occasions, for a short time, to a monastery when his son died. It can scarcely be believed, however, that the King's sorrow could have been very keen, as the event was one that, as it was remarked, "saved him from many anxieties." And if he needed consolation, he must have found it in the Christian end Don Carlos made. The Prince was regretted by the nobility, to whom he had ever shown much favour, and by the people, which hoped, even to the last, to find in him a second Charles the Fifth. Still, as a recent historian, who cannot be suspected of partiality towards Philip the Second remarks: "His death was not an evil for Spain, for, his character being what it was, the nation could expect no good from him; rather, it could only expect great misfortunes, unless he had greatly improved before succeeding to the King his father."²⁵ The Prince's confessor—and Brantôme expresses a similar opinion—thought that had the Prince lived, he would have become a good and virtuous sovereign.

The death of Don Carlos was long shrouded by mysterious rumours, one contradicting the other. Mann, the English Ambassador, set the stone of fables rolling. "The Prynce of Spayne," as he wrote home from Saint Sebastian, where he was awaiting a favourable wind to set sail for England, "dyed ii days before my departure from ther, not without great suspytion as ys reported, of a taste." De Thou, in his history, says he was killed by poison in his broth. Pierre Matthieu tells us he was strangled by slaves; Brantôme, that

²⁵ Lafuente, *Historia general de España*, xiii. 335.

he was smothered ; Saint-Simon, that he was beheaded ;²⁰ and Llorente, that he had a slow poison administered to him. The makers of histories, be it noted, only endorsed what poets had dreamed and sung, even before Otway had written his well-nigh forgotten tragedy on the subject. "The first French writer," says the Abbé Nonnotte, "who spoke on this subject was a poet, who made some thousand verses on it, which he sent to Henry the Third, to incite him to avenge his sister's death, whom he supposes to have been poisoned after the death of Don Carlos. His imagination was the torch that lit our news-mongers, and afterwards our historians, on their road." Enough has been said to show how false are all these surmises of historians and dreams of poets. "Yet," as Prescott pertinently asks, "can those who reject the imputation of murder acquit the father of inexorable rigour towards his child in the measures which he employed, or of the dreadful responsibility which attaches to the consequence of them?" To this question the German historian, Baumstark, justly remarks, that Prescott points out no other course that Philip could have followed, and until such another course is indicated, he declares the King acquitted—a verdict in which those who have studied the history of the unfortunate Don Carlos must agree.

WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

²⁰ In 1812, an officer attached to Marshal Soult's staff in Spain, visited the vaults of the Escorial, and caused the coffin of Don Carlos to be opened. It was found filled with lime, which being removed, some human remains were discovered. The officer was about to examine the skull, which he had in part uncovered, when an orderly arrived, bidding him remount, as the army was again on the march, and further investigations were stopped (Vander Vynct, *Hist. des Pays-Bas*, ed. Reiffenberg). An authentic though anonymous document exists, detailing an examination made in 1795, of the remains of Don Carlos, clearly showing that at any rate the Prince was not decapitated. The text of this document is given by Gachard at the end of his work, to which we acknowledge our great indebtedness.

Passages from the Life of a Yorkshire Lady.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENGLAND AGAIN.

IN the midst of the engrossing and laborious occupations caused by the government of her three houses in the Low Countries, Mary Ward's thoughts still turned again to England. She had left her Sisters there in a more than usually anxious position, owing to the attempts of the Protestant Archbishop against herself, which necessitated a still greater secrecy and prudence in their movements. Every action had to be weighed and carefully guarded, lest any false step should altogether put a stop to their work for the souls of others. Mary knew, therefore, the need of wisdom and experience in whoever was at their head at such a moment, both to meet the daily exigencies which might arise, and for their own sakes to encourage them in their difficult course. Besides this, her generous soul burned to be with them at the post of danger, and could not brook the idea of leaving them alone to face the attacks of unscrupulous persecutors, which were intended to centre in herself personally. Her own risk was as dust in the balance; these considerations and the fear of having to break up their mission weighed far more, and the novitiate at Liège "well settled, and having still before her eyes the profit that was to come by the faithful labours of ours in England, as also the necessity there was of prudence, zeal, &c., in the carriage of businesses, would herself be present, though with imminent danger of her life, which merely in nature she esteemed a slavery to be too much in love withal." She therefore determined to go back at once to London.

To prepare herself for what was before her, Mary entered upon the Spiritual Exercises in April, 1618, and, as may be

concluded, with Father Gerard again as her director. There are short notes in her own hand¹ of ten of her meditations which she made. Some of them are of a remarkable nature. In that on "Venial Sins" she says, "I found no conflict to want all that this world can afford rather than commit the least venial sin, nor could I think of anything I was willing to buy at so dear a rate. I found I was strong, and adventured to propose to myself whether I would not rather want Heaven for ever than buy it by doing the least thing that might offend God. I found that most contentedly I had rather lack that happiness for ever. I then asked whether if I must either lie in hell for all eternity, or commit the least venial sin, which I would choose. My will was resolute rather to go to hell; but withal I found a sensible and great unwillingness to endure these afflictions and pains for ever. I was troubled to see myself thus. The conflict increased, yet my soul never yielded. After some time the benefit of freewill came to my mind, and I said that since I had freewill, and by that was able to make what act I would, I there resolved rather to suffer a thousand hells than commit the least offence against God. With this I was much changed, sorry for all I had committed, asked forgiveness with tears both for great and lesser (but this sorrow was not long), and begged grace never to offend Him *advisedly* again. I was sorry to think that forth of rashness, custom, and negligence, I should certainly many times offend Him. I besought Him that I might not. Amongst those motives for avoiding venial sins, these moved me most: that God was injured, that our neighbour was hurt, our souls disposed to greater sins, our mind abject and dispositions servile."

The last of the series, following those on sin, and which in an old copy in another hand is headed by Mary herself "The loneliness," is one to which she herself referred by this name on more than one occasion in after years, when the fulfilment of what God showed her in it was hanging over her. The subject of the meditation she calls "How severely God punisheth sin except we do penance." "I saw it pleased God better that I should satisfy in this life and to content Him. I besought Him earnestly to show me wherein, or by what way, He would have me make satisfaction (for He was near me). I considered that to forbear sin I had already resolved and was bound, except I would incur more need of satisfaction. There occurred that

¹ Nymphenburg Manuscripts.

I should bear *well* all such difficulties as might happen in the doing of His will. I thought this was little, and that no great difficulty could happen, my disposition of mind and freedom considered. I therefore begged more earnestly to know the thing that He would have done, promising that whatsoever it were, I would do it. The same was before me still and nothing else. After some time I thought that that might be the same that God would have me satisfy by, and that perhaps I might find more difficulties and crosses in the passages of my life than I did imagine. I then offered myself to suffer with love and gladness whatsoever trouble or contrariety should happen in my doing of His will, but besought Him withal, that none of those things might hinder what His will was to have done.

"Presented that perchance there was some great trouble to happen about the confirmation of our course, and with this I found a great and new love to this Institute, and a near embracing or union of affection with it. I offered myself willingly to this difficulty, and besought our Lord with tears that He would give me grace to bear it, and that no contradiction might hinder His will (were His will whatsoever), *for I had then a greater love to His will in general than to any particular.* I was as though the occasion had been present. I saw there was no help nor comfort for me but to cleave fast to Him, and so I did, for He was there to help me. I besought Him that the love I felt to this course now might stead me then, when that trouble should happen, because perhaps I should not then have means or force or time to dispose myself, or to call so particularly upon Him. I begged of Him with much affection that this prayer I now made might serve as a petition for His grace at that time. I left with a solid contentment, and, as I think, desirous to serve and suffer for God; but me thought such a thing would certainly happen." The knowledge Mary here acquired of God's will for her, she names in the list of graces conferred upon her, already mentioned, as the fourth given by our Lord: "4. What way He would that I should satisfy for sins and negligences of my life past."

Thus Almighty God prepared Mary for what was to come. Of the two sources of suffering shown to her, that which concerned the more immediate accomplishment of God's will by sufferings personal to herself, would perhaps have been the most present to her mind as she turned her face towards England, were it not for the immense and unflinching courage with which

she was by nature gifted. This courage could make her contemn and even court, rather than avoid, danger, and was so innate in her that in some depreciatory words concerning her own doings in one of the three speeches to her Sisters at St. Omer lately, she had treated the quality itself as nothing and of no merit. She says: "I desire to make you understand and believe it; for my part, all that I do, or shall do, is nothing. Verily so little and so easy that I find no difficulty in anything. I cannot think it is a great matter to speak upon occasion with princes or to whomsoever, to effect or bring to pass whatever is necessary, and verily, I confess, that if there were not God, or if I did not do what I do for Him, that which I find within myself were sufficient to make me do all I do or shall do; and indeed in that I am unsatisfied, because I know not from whence this proceedeth, though I hope well."

Upon the meditation of "the loneliness," was grounded the picture of Mary in the Painted Life,² which formed the twenty-eighth of the series. The inscription runs thus: "As Mary in the year 1618 bewailed her sins with many tears before God, He signified clearly to her that she should satisfy for them in this life. When she earnestly besought Him Whom she felt to be very near to her, to show her in what way it should be done, and thereupon perceived interiorly that she should endure humbly all the troubles which should come to pass in the accomplishment of His most holy will."

The same series gives further information as to her journey to England. It took place at a later date than she perhaps originally intended. She very likely stopped again at Brussels also on her way, as it is said elsewhere that she generally visited the Infanta Isabella on her journeys to and fro. According to the Painted Life, she was on the sea on St. James' Day, and in great danger, and this picture, the twenty-seventh of the set, makes known as well that this Saint was one of her especial patrons and protectors. "When Mary was on the sea on the feast of St. James in the year 1618, by invoking this holy Apostle as her particular patron, she, to her great astonishment, quieted a dangerous mutiny which had arisen in the ship;

² Since the last mention made in these chapters of the pictures of the Painted Life, the pictures themselves have been discovered at the Convent of the English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Augsburg, put away in one of the large receptacles for stores in the ancient part of the extensive building. They will be further described as the history proceeds.

whence she afterwards acknowledged that she never sought any grace from God through the intercession of this great prince of Heaven, that she did not receive it." Whether Mary arrived safely on this occasion in London, and joined her Sisters there, without encountering further perils is not clear, for her friend and secretary, Winefrid, who appears to have been with her, in opening the account of some of the incidents of this visit to England says, that she was "taken twice in her passing the seas to and fro, and yet came off."

The year 1618—19 was one of great activity in England against Catholics, and both sexes had to bear their share of the burden. The faithful persistence of the women in Catholic families in refusing, and making no terms with, the new faith, had long been a notorious fact which drew down the especial animosity of the persecutors, and it was turned into a new source of enriching the ever needy Sovereign and his grasping courtiers. All conforming husbands, *i.e.* who went to the Protestant Church occasionally, were fined £220 a year, worth more than £850 now, "till such time as they could persuade their wives to abjure their faith," and the wife had to go to prison if the husband did not pay. A handful of women such as Mary Ward and her companions, who made so successful a resistance, and at the same time brought converts to the Church, were thought worthy therefore of being watched and hunted after. And if they, much more the many valiant-hearted men who carried on the warfare between the Catholic faith and Protestantism experienced the like treatment. It was a year of heavy fines and imprisonments. The freshly stirred activity had its rise partly from the successful outbreaks of the Protestants in Germany, which led to the Thirty Years' War, and which excited the fanaticism of those in England. But it arose also in the increasing and fruitful labours of the Catholic ecclesiastics, who amounted to three or four hundred scattered over the island, illuding the attempts to seize them or stop the fulfilment of functions which sustained the fidelity and courage of their much tried flocks. There were at this time above one hundred members of the Society of Jesus in the country, and a much greater number of secular priests, many among whom, through the whole persecuting period, lived for years in the seclusion of some Catholic family concealed from all that spies and pursuivants could effect, ministering in secret to those who came to them, and saying Mass daily in the house where they were

sheltered. No wonder that the knowledge such things went on in spite of them, excited an intense irritation in such minds as those of George Abbott, and many of his fellow-bishops.

The little persecuted community of English Ladies were no longer in Spitalfields, but had to move about and adopt any dwelling which the most concealed them from observation. Mary's wisdom suggested that an open appearance of poverty both of dress and abode were not the best preservatives from the sharp, curious eyes which were always on the look out to obtain the reward consequent on her capture. She assumed another name, that of Tirell, and her companions, among whom was her sister Barbara, doubtless equally adopted this expedient, at the same time they all dressed according to their station in the world, in handsome secular dress, made after the fashion of the day. During one part of this visit of Mary's to England they lived at Hungerford House,³ in the Strand, a large ancient mansion with a garden, in poor repair, belonging to the Hungerford family, who probably lent it to them temporarily. Here they resided, to the eyes of the uninitiated, like a secular family, and carried on their work for the souls of their countrywomen; when need was, going out in poor, mean clothing, or on other occasions and with the same object, in fashionable attire, like ladies accustomed to good society.

We are told of "yellow ruffs" that Mary and all wore, as the last and most "phantastical" mode just introduced, and Barbara Ward is said to have been "dressed in a bright taffeta gown and rich petticoats, trimmed of the newest fashion, and a deep yellow ruff." A similar practice was not infrequent with many among those engaged in the dangerous employment of helping souls, as it made them less liable to recognition. There are numerous examples of such disguises. Thus in an old printed list of priests,⁴ &c., written by an apostate, two are described as, "both Jesuits, lodging about Fleet Street, very rich in apparell, the one, a flaunting fellowe, useth to weare a scarlet cloak over a crimson satin sute." This gay style of dress was brought against them by their persecutors as a reproach, and Mary Ward and her companions suffered from the same imputations. The particulars just given are from an old manu-

³ Hungerford Market and Street now stand on the site of this mansion and its gardens.

⁴ *The Foot out of the Snare*. By J. Gee, Master of Arts, &c., London, 1624.

script⁶ already quoted, the work of a maligning anonymous pen in 1623, which, as if dipped in gall, attributes their actions not alone to worldly, but to evil motives, and describes Mary Ward especially as filled with pride, vanity, and arrogance, and worse.

Mary Ward's fearlessness and almost recklessness of danger is displayed by an incident which occurred probably while she and her sisters were domiciled in the Strand. She was at this time both failing in health, and worn in mind and body by her unceasing toils, but the family characteristic remained the same, strong and vigorous as ever, and ready for use at a moment's notice. George Abbott, the Protestant Archbishop, whose pursuivants were endeavouring by all the means in their power to obey his mandates and seize upon her, had at the same time a great curiosity to see one of whom report had spoken marvellous things both as to herself personally and her powers of persuasion. This was reported to Mary, and she resolved to gratify him, though at the same time she must have had some private and especial object in view in seeking such an interview, such as to soften his animosity, or make him ashamed of warring against women.

"On a time," says her friend Winefrid, "tired out with mental employments and other labours," and subject to continual headaches, as we are told elsewhere, "she was importuned to take some recreation. At length yielding thereto, she found out a very unexpected one, of which no one thought, which was to give the Bishop of Canterbury his wish of seeing her [as he had so much desired it], and in effect went to his house at Lambeth, with no small apprehension to her companions [who were in terror and alarm at the success of this perilous amusement], but to herself [a walk of great pleasure] and real recreation." The feelings of her companions may well be imagined as they accompanied Mary in this walk from the Strand to Lambeth Palace. Little did they reckon of the magnificence of Whitehall or the pleasant parks on the other side, with their turf and trees, or the grand old abbey towers as they approached them, or the pleasant walk by the river side and the gay craft which floated along it. The turrets of the Gatehouse, the Archbishop's prison at Westminster, must have made them shudder as they passed, and the walls of Lambeth looked grim at them from across the

⁶ From the Archives of the diocese of Westminster, endorsed, in an ancient hand, "Godfather's information about the Jesuitesses."

water. Rather, doubtless, would they have been upset in the ferry-boat as they went over, though they were too unselfish to disturb Mary's calm cheerful pleasure in the expedition, and perhaps knew she would laugh at them for their pains. The dress and bearing of the party gained them a ready admittance to some apartment in the palace, but, says Winefrid, "God permitted that [the Bishop] was not at home, but she left her name, and that she had been there to see him, written in the glass window with a diamond." Let us hope that they took boat somewhere on the river for their return, for in every footstep behind them we can well believe that Mary's companions would imagine the tread of the pursuivants hurrying to overtake and secure their beloved Mother.

The community were not left for long in peace at Hungerford House. Upon a sudden alarm that a search by pursuivants was in preparation, they thought it better at once to remove and go into some more retired and unsuspected neighbourhood. Knightsbridge was then a village, with scarcely any houses of note in it, but Mary had a friend of some name who resided there, to whom she addressed herself in their need, in spite of his being a Protestant, and with good success. His kindness, as we shall see, brought a great blessing to himself. "Having borrowed of a special friend a garden-house near London, which yet was private and secure for her, he being a Protestant, and powerful in regard of the office he held; in this house, for some special service to [the glory of] God, she had much company, so as information was given and spies set [to observe what passed], and finally the house beset [by guards], but at distance, yet so as none could pass in or out without note, which was cause that all the company, [alarmed], ours in particular, begged our dearest Mother to disguise herself, and so slip away. She answered, 'No, because God's service required her staying.' This was on the Saturday; all passed quietly that day and the next. The Monday morning, her business ended, she gave order [to those of her company] for her removal. The others thought this was no more needful, hearing no more of the bruit, not willing to quit the place unless of necessity. But this humble and faithful servant of God answered, 'Hitherto I have had my good Master's warrant for my stay, His businesses requiring it, but that done, I expect not a privilege for my own respects,' and so immediately departed by the public door in coach, accompanied by two other coaches, besides horses. Within half an hour the

officers came, broke open the doors, searched, and seized upon all." That this unpleasant ending to Mary's stay at Knightsbridge was not due to any treachery in her Protestant landlord, may be seen from Winefrid's further account of him. "To make a little digression," she writes, "this man, though a Protestant, as I said, grew in great light and understanding of the Catholic faith, in the which [God gave him the grace to die, and became so great an admirer of the super-eminent qualities of our Mother, and honoured her virtues so perfectly], as he would say often with great feeling, 'There never was such a woman but the sacred Mother of God.'"

The occasion on which the large company mentioned in the manuscript was gathered together may have been some great festival of the Church, when Mary opened her house to all Catholics, to afford them an opportunity for Confession and Communion, or perhaps to give to the Jesuit Fathers on the mission a quiet place of retreat for meeting together, as they were accustomed to do in Father Garnett's time at White Webbs, Mrs. Vaux's house, and on many other opportunities. Mary's biographer, who seems to have been present, might well say of this and other escapes: "In these great dangers and particular searches, as her confidence and free reliance on God was great, so was His fatherly protection most miraculous." A further proof of the reward she received for her unshaken trust in God, and of the reverence and even awe which her personal presence struck into the hearts of the rough *employés* of the civil magistrates and pursuivants, is also given by Mary's companion and friend, after one of her sea voyages, when she was seized and detained, but released finally.

"One of these times a servant of hers, forth of the faith she had all was safe that was about this servant of God, gathered together all that she conceived might be dangerous, and gave it to her, but not with so much advisedness but that the guard saw it, and fearful something might pass that might argue their infidelity [in the execution of their commission], desired to know what the maid had given her. She answered it did not import them, but upon condition they would promise to return it her again, they should see it, and taking out a fine crystal reliquary, showed it them, which they with great reverence and wonder beheld and returned it her, and this though a thing express against the law." At this time Mary "was guarded so strongly as not able to be private in her own bedchamber, but that her

presence had such authority as seemed to command her own freedom, and that their power was no more than to make apparent the limit God had given them." She was then set free, but by what direct means we do not hear.

This occurrence may have taken place on Mary's way to Wisbeach, for another of her biographers states that she was once taken at sea, when leaving with the intention of landing again in England. She was not deterred from her intended visit to the priests in Wisbeach Castle. Many had been there before her, for it resembled a pilgrimage of devotion to visit these confessors of Christ, who were sometimes confined for years in this most wretched of State prisons, often half starved and in need of the greatest necessities of life, yet still exercising their priestly functions in secret, to the consolation of those who came to them, and the conversion of no few. Mary's visit was made a subject of reproach and taunt in the calumnious manuscript quoted above. The writer says, "She came like a duchess to visit the Ignatian prisoners at Wisbeach, in coach, attended with pages riding with her in said coach, and two or three attendants of her own sex, and was so bountiful or rather prodigal, that she gave each keeper (who wished more such guests) an angel a piece." The manner in which Mary Ward was accustomed to prosecute her numerous and painful journeys will ere long come before the reader, and is in itself an ample refutation of the lavish expenditure and worldly pomp here laid to her door. The explanation is very simple. Mary, staying with either some Catholic or Protestant of good position in the county, for she was well acquainted with Suffolk, and had influential friends as we know, was sent to Wisbeach, attended by some of their retinue, the more easily to gain her object of admission to the prisoners. The gifts to the keepers have an equally easy solution, intended as they doubtless were to propitiate the hard-hearted and rapacious men in that office in favour of their helpless charge.

The "Item" which follows in the manuscript on this accusation, is of a similar nature, and seems to carry on the history. "Lodging one night at a gentlewoman's house, she gave the chamber-maid an angel, and likewise conformable to the other officers." It did not seem to occur to the writer that a Catholic travelling in disguise, with all but a price set on her head, had a grave necessity of making friends with the underlings, even in houses where she was intimate. The motive attributed instead

is brought forth in the next "Item." "She is so vainglorious that she wrote the manner of her bounty to the superiors of her society beyond the seas, who neglected not to communicate it (to her high commendation) in public recreation to all the congregation." From this last sentence we learn that Mary did not fail to keep up correspondence with her Sisters at St. Omer and Liège, and to communicate to them passages of interest or importance.

Only one of the results of Mary's personal labours as to individuals during this visit to England has been recorded, though we are told that they were numerous; but this one is both remarkable and important, and her friend and ever ready sympathizer makes known by a few very strong words, how solicitously she toiled for this end. "Among other blessings that God gave her labours at her being this time in England, a very particular one was the reclaiming of a priest, of a very good family, but who had so forgotten himself and his function, as he knew neither [how to say] Mass nor Office. But what did she not lay as the stake for this gain? Even all that had not of God's displeasure [she omitted no industry nor invention to gain him], so had she the reward to hear he ended happily." With the usual careful omission of names and places before observed, there is no clue in Winefrid's narrative as to who this individual was, and there is only one reference in Mary Ward's manuscripts which gives any light upon the subject. In the list of graces given her by our Lady, which she wrote in 1624, and which she heads "What hath been granted unworthy I by intercession to our Blessed Lady," the first stands "About Dr. Singleton." There is no further mention of his name in any of her letters or writings, and but for one witness of a later date, we should be left to mere conjecture as to his identity with the reclaimed priest. But Mary Cramlington, the collector of the traditions of the Institute, speaks undoubtingly on the subject, saying: "According to my knowledge, Dr. Singleton was that priest whom our foundress converted from wicked courses." But who Dr. Singleton was who owed so deep a debt to Mary Ward's prayers, must be left to genealogists and others to discover. That there was a good Lancashire family of that name, and more than one worthy priest who bore it when Mary Ward lived, is known, but the name of none whose history tallies with the above has yet come to light. The reclaimed priest died a pious death, and there is

an interesting incident connected with him to be mentioned in the next chapter.

It was during Mary's stay in London that she was again favoured with a vision of a just soul, which had made so deep an impression upon her just before Father Lee's death in 1615. The subject of her meditation at the time suggests that it may have occurred on New Year's Day, 1619, as the date is not given in the inscription of the Painted Life, which makes this second vision known. The picture is the next in order to the mutiny on board ship on St. James's day. The inscription runs thus: "God showed visibly to Mary, when she was meditating in London upon the words, *Et vocabis nomen ejus Jesum*, a just soul endowed with great brilliance, giving her clearly to understand that all those who live in this Institute conformably to their vocation will attain to a similar indescribable beauty of soul, because this state leads to inherited justice and conforms to Christ our Lord, as to a most perfect model of all virtues."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUILDHALL.

AFTER reciting the account just given of the happy conversion of the backsliding priest, Mary's biographer continues: "This was the conclusion of that time's employment in England." But though it was the last of Mary's labours in the company of her Sisters, it was not to be the conclusion of her own sufferings there in the cause of God. That she should have been the means of reclaiming a soul so dear to Him, "it may be supposed," proceeds Winefrid, "much displeased the devil, as he made appear by the several troubles and impediments he caused for the passing the seas, the said priest being in her company, for having been some time on the sea was turned back [by a contrary wind to the shores of England], and landed just in the officers' hands, so as there was no escaping." Her friend's caution, even after the lapse of many years, allows her to give neither the date nor the name of the place where this happened, and such slender particulars, that we have nothing but a few words where detail would have been of lively interest. One fact, given for another reason, shows that Mary was brought back to London from the coast, and was taken before some judge at once. There were three causes, her friend tells us

elsewhere, "for the which she desired to give her life, to wit, her faith, the honour of our Blessed Lady, and her chastity," "and was once very near the point of so doing" for the two first, nor did she shrink back for a moment. On her arrival in London, she was brought before the Justices in Guildhall. To arm and strengthen herself the better for what was to come, and to give plain evidence of her faith, Mary, with her usual fearlessness, wore visibly outside her dress, or perhaps had in her hands, a rosary or picture of our Lady (the former being an offence still punishable with loss of all property or perpetual imprisonment). One of the Justices, perceiving this object of devotion, uttered some blasphemy against the holy Mother of God, when Mary, "with great courage reprehended him most undauntedly for his blasphemous words," saying, "What! a miserable man, a good for nothing wretch, is to blaspheme and revile the most holy and Divine Mother, the Queen and Lady of all creatures!"

This reproof sealed Mary's fate for the time, for "committed she was, and so far from being frightened or daunted, that she aloud, with a courageous and heavenly voice, said our Blessed Lady her litanies, as she passed in coach from the place of judgment to the prison, where arrived she knelt down and kissed [with much devotion] the threshold of the gate, as a place sanctified by the cause for which she entered there; and this publicly before them all [in the presence of the officers who conducted her], which humanly was to incense their rage and fury against her." But Mary's calm demeanour and almost majestic carriage again struck that awe into the hearts of her guards with which Almighty God had before shielded her from them, and, "contrarywise, they seemed all her slaves, [it was, without doubt, that He, Whose honour she sought, undertook her defence]." We are not so far favoured as to know which of the wretched London prisons it was, the threshold of whose gates was kissed by Mary Ward, nor is it clear in what court her cause was eventually tried, though as the warrants for her capture were originally issued by George Abbott, and his pursuivants were in search of her, it is probable that her trial was finally transferred to the Archbishop's court, and that she may have been confined in the Gatehouse at Westminster.

It is not perhaps difficult to picture the sufferings of Mary's companions when the news was brought to them of the imprisonment of one, as well so dear to them, as necessary for the

well-being of the whole Congregation. They could not be blind to the exceeding peril she was in, for all the charges then so commonly brought as causes of death or of long imprisonment against the Catholics, as, persuading others to embrace the faith, sheltering and assisting priests, refusing the new oath of allegiance, sending persons abroad, the use of beads, relics, &c., were plainly enough attributable to her, and with witnesses easy of procurement, as she cared little to hide her faith on any occasion. The Archbishop's bitterness against Catholics they knew well, and that his object in attacking Mary was to silence her. Once in the persecutor's power, how unlikely she should be released. Nor could they buoy themselves up with the hope of her escape because she was a woman. Women had been hanged for their faith during this persecution, less guilty than Mary, and many there were who had died in prison, or were even then lingering in all the miseries of a long captivity. The gloomy prospect, however, but quickened their energies; they obtained access to Mary, and we cannot doubt at once made use of every means to obtain her liberty.

Meanwhile we turn to the prisoner herself. "[Her immovable confidence in God," says her friend Winefrid, "was without doubt the source of] her divine peace of mind, which she possessed in all times and upon all occasions. During her imprisonment in England, when to others her life was in imminent danger, her greatest care was to pacify and console others [whom she saw in affliction on account of the evident danger to which she was exposed]." Forgetful of herself, she cheered and strengthened her Sisters and infused into them a portion of her own calm trust in Almighty God, Who was not on His part unmindful of her needs. A few sentences remain in her own hand of meditations made "At her being in England," as her copyist heads them. We may perhaps safely conclude from Mary's life of continual harass and ceaseless occupation while in her own country, that these were made and noted down in the quiet of prison days, when she could without interruption take a review of her own state of soul.

Of one of these meditations she writes: "A quiet sight of my own certain want generally in all, and every particular virtue." During another, God seems to have comforted her in the desolation of her captivity with some sight of the joys of Heaven, and thence of the fleeting nature of all below, whether joy or pain. "Having had a little glimpse, and that

in general, of the Heavens and what is there, I am ready, at least afraid, to fall into a disesteem and suddenly into a total neglect of this earth and all upon it, or that ends with time, and so to neglect and cast off as neither worthy memory nor any esteem, the businesses of this life and such as of duty is to be done." Father Lohner adds that this fear of causing thence any injury to her neighbour and to the Institute, caused her to pray that she might not be misled, but that she might perfectly know and fulfil the holy will of God. She remarks again in consequence of the same blissful vision: "Seeing the no importance of men's esteem, I am ready and cannot without diligence do otherwise than forbear, as labour to no purpose, that which should deserve well, edify, and give example." But there is no sign of trouble or fear for herself or any anxiety expressed concerning the Institute at a time when she was lying with death apparently very near at hand. It may be that the light that God had given her, of His designs for the Institute, both in the vision of the just soul and in the knowledge that she was to suffer further herself in the attempt to bring about the confirmation, gave her an interior confidence of His preservation of her. Her anxieties for her companions were lessened by the blow having fallen on herself, which had endangered them also.

But there was one subject of disquietude which pressed upon Mary, because the safety of a soul was involved in it, and in this Almighty God again permitted her to be comforted in a wonderful manner. These fears were for the priest whom she had so lately regained to God, lest he should fail under the temptation to which he was exposed, by his life being in danger, for he must have been seized at the same time as she was. "A certain priest, brought out of danger of losing himself eternally, by her means, which charity of hers was accomplished by her perpetual and continual care of him, daily serving his good angel, one night in particular apprehending him in more than ordinary danger, with great anxiety (which was not ordinary with her) praying for him [calling upon his good angel], presently she beheld his chamber and bed with him in it, and his Angel Guardian with an inexpressible diligence hovering over him in posture of defence, turned to her, and with a loving reprehension expressed these words: 'Do you not see the care I have of him?'" By what follows it may be gathered that the object of her solicitude was not only at

that time preserved by the care of his Guardian Angel and Mary's prayers, but was afterwards altogether delivered from the peril he was in, for it must have been to him that she subsequently described what she had seen. "The room was so perfectly discovered to her, as she putting down what she saw, it was found to be so conformable to the reality, as there was not the placing of a stool found different. This angel seemed to her of such beauty, as she was wont to call him the "Fine Good Angel," and the grace done her herein of high consequence. Employing about that time a painter, and willing to make the aforesaid good priest in love with his good angel, made the painter draw him by her description in his posture, &c., which had in it so great incitation to reverence and devotion, that the good old painter, then sixty years old, began to say daily a *Pater* and *Ave* to his good angel, which he had never done before."

This episode forms an interesting subject for the Painted Life, and as we see that Mary Ward herself originally employed an artist upon it, we may without improbability conclude that the existing picture, executed as it most likely was under the direction of Mary Poyntz, is a tolerably exact delineation of the priest, the room he was in, and above all of the "Good Fine Angel," such as Mary Ward saw them all in her vision. The following is a translation of the accompanying inscription: "As Mary was once earnestly praying for a priest whom she had withdrawn from a bad life, in fear lest he might have met with an evil chance, God showed to her visibly his holy Guardian Angel standing at the top of his bedstead, who lovingly stretched out his arms over him, as if he would shelter him from all danger, who said to her, "Seest thou how faithfully I guard him?"

There is no knowledge how long Mary lay in prison. One of her biographers states that sentence of death was passed immediately and almost without a trial, and without the evidence of witnesses. Such proceedings were by no means infrequent where Catholics were concerned. Her friend Winefrid's caution keeps her silent: she wrote in what were still dangerous days, when spies were yet at work to do injury to others, by less means than a manuscript such as hers. She says only: "Her confidence in God was not so as to refuse human helps [and did not prevent her from making use of the means which were offered her for her deliverance], which had a

heavenly blessing [in her favour]." Neither Mary nor her companions were deficient in influential friends who had the power to mediate for her. Doubtless the Infanta would be applied to by the former, as well as relatives at home. The Spanish Ambassador had not infrequently been the means of rescuing the Catholic English from their fate, and his interest was the stronger now that "the Spanish Match" began to be spoken of, and money, that most powerful of weapons in the times of which we write, was freely offered by their English connections. The public execution, too, of a lady of Mary Ward's position, purely for matters of religion, was a strong measure even for Archbishop Abbott's fanaticism, and carried with it a risk of public odium. But it was perhaps the pecuniary side of the question which decided the matter, and private bribes paved the way to the acceptance of a heavy fine, for which the sentence was finally exchanged. Father Adam Contzen, in the letter already quoted, says: "Mrs. Mary herself suffered imprisonment in England; sentence of death was passed upon her for religion, but there was no execution for fear of odium." Father Dominic Bissel states that "she regained her liberty by the care and diligence of her friends," and her Benedictine biographer adds, "By her friends paying down money." Mary's freedom once more obtained, "she passed happily the seas, visited ours at St. Omer, and so on to Liège."

Before following her there, a little remains to be told concerning the Institute as she left it in England. Previous to Mary's departure, she appointed Susanna Rookwood as Superior. We have heard something already of what her brave spirit could endure. Another personal trait of a different nature may be related here regarding her. It is given in the French necrological account of the early members of the Institute.¹ Among the numerous Protestants whom she brought back to the true faith was one who afterwards was seized by severe illness. Susanna nursed her through it, and was present when she received Holy Communion. Shortly afterwards the invalid was violently sick, and "it was supposed that the sacramental species of bread might still be present incorrupt, upon which Mrs. Susanna took courage and magnanimously swallowed all the sick person had brought up." A deed of love like this stands in no need of human praise.

¹ Nymphenburg Manuscripts.

From various indications in existing manuscripts, it may be seen, that the English Virgins did not confine their operations to London, but went into country places wherever they could obtain a tolerably safe sphere for their labours. To set on foot one of these missions may have been the primary cause of Mary's last visit to Suffolk, that to Wisbeach Castle being only, as it were, by the way. This is the more likely as the toils and successes of one of these Sisters engaged in work in that county will have to be brought shortly before the reader. A further notification of the spread of the Institute in England, and of the number and occupations of those belonging to it, appear in the following letter from an aggrieved parent, whose daughter was desirous of entering it. The letter also tends to show that the difficulties of its members in carrying on their work were not confined to the intrigues and attacks of persecutors, and that the same divided sentiments were to be found in England as well as abroad among the Fathers of the Society of Jesus concerning them. The letter is in Latin among the St. Omer papers in the Brussels Archives de l'État.² The translation is as follows:

"Very Reverend Father,—I am not accustomed, on account of surrounding dangers, to transact even the least business with foreign parts by letter, but since an affair of no small importance now urges me and the love which I have borne your Society, from which I have become acquainted with it, impels me to write, I incur this risk willingly so that I may serve God in your Society, and may satisfy my own conscience.

"Thus stands the matter. A certain new affair is arising which excites no small difficulties amongst us here in England, and brings it about that union of friends even amongst your members does not appear to advantage. There is a certain Congregation, or (as they themselves prefer to call it) a Society of Virgins, which for some years has been scattered through almost all this island, and which has seemed in these later times to have affected all the duties of your Society.

"In this kingdom these new Mothers, for so they wish to be called, journey hither and thither and entice and allure as many people as they can to enter upon this new work; but they especially strive to attract to their cause the Fathers of the Society who labour in this kingdom, and they have done so

² Carton 29, Supplément.

much that very many of the Fathers aid them by all means in their power, being allured by this appearance of good, that these Virgins will certainly be hereafter a very efficacious means for the conversion of souls. One of the Society who lived with me grieved very much that his fellows had gone forward on such a slippery road, but he to my great sorrow has been transferred to another province. Now the one who is remaining with me is striving with all his might and main to promulgate this Institute. He has besought me several times to allow the only daughter whom I have at home to be admitted to this Sodality. I refused because these Virgins detain amongst them another female relation of mine, almost by force, and by urgent persuasions, so that I was obliged to use several artifices in order to get her back.

"This Father has besought me again that these Virgins may be allowed to meet together in my house in order to be instructed by him in spiritual matters. I refused again, for these times are so dangerous to us, that even the smallest meeting of Catholics in one household is attended with the greatest peril. Besides, I seriously considered within myself, that it would be no light subject of scandal if several women, particularly unmarried, were to resort together to any priest, particularly to one of the Society, and I thought that even good people may frequently be deceived and led astray by the appearance of good.

"It is taken amiss that I have refused these things, and it is said openly that I am led away by passion, nevertheless, I remember very well what Father Henry Garnett of happy memory thought in affairs of an almost similar nature, and he without doubt knew what ought to be done under such circumstances, better than my Father Novitius.

"Meantime, although I have refused these things, daily messengers run about between these women and him and so many documents and so many letters are sent backwards and forwards, that I fear much for myself and my family. I have sought a remedy in this country, but do not obtain it. I entreat your Reverence to aid me in this difficulty, and to give general orders that dangers of this kind may not come to pass. As for my Father (this difficulty being removed), I do not want to change him for any other; he pleases me so much in everything else and entirely satisfies me.

"Besides a serious discord is noticed amongst your Fathers

when they speak of or have anything to do with this new Institute of Virgins. I abstain from details. I will say this one thing openly to your Reverence, that the Society is not united, but is in parts when the affair is being talked of, and that the difference of opinions (which I much lament) is clearly discovered by the enemies of the faith, so greatly has grown the strength of this enemy of peace and concord by the said new figment.

"I will not detain you any longer, earnestly beseeching your Reverence quickly to consider over this evil, lest I with some others be obliged to suffer things which would be most unpleasant to me and of which as yet we have not the slightest thought. I bid your Reverence farewell, and humbly commend myself and the afflicted course of our country to your Holy Sacrifices.

"1st of June, stylo veteri, 1619."

This letter is signed only A. B., the writer's name being probably known to the Father to whom it was addressed under these initials.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

MR. FROUDE ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MR. J. A. FROUDE has been giving to the world his recollections of the "High Church Revival" in the three last numbers of *Good Words*. Without attempting at present to notice the distorted view presented of many parts of the history, there is one statement that cannot be passed over without exposing at once its utter groundlessness. In the number for March Mr. Froude declares that in a sermon he heard Newman say that Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles was logically sound. The passage shall be quoted at full length.

Another sermon left its mark upon me. It was upon evidence. I had supposed up to that time that the chief events related in the Gospels were as well authenticated as any other facts of history. I had read Paley and Grotius at school, and their arguments had been completely satisfactory to me. . . . Gibbon I had studied also, and his five causes for the spread of belief in Christianity seemed to me totally inadequate. I was something more than surprised, therefore, when I heard Newman say that Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles was logically sound. The laws of nature, so far as could be observed, were uniform, and in any given instance it *was* more likely as a mere matter of evidence that men should deceive or be deceived, than that those laws should have been deviated from. Of course he did not leave the matter in this position. Hume goes on to say that he is speaking of evidence as addressed to the reason; the Christian religion addresses itself to faith, and the credibility of it is therefore unaffected by his objection. What Hume said in irony, Newman accepted in earnest. . . . I say at once that I think it was injudicious of Newman to throw out before us thus abruptly an opinion so extremely agitating. I explain it by supposing that here, as elsewhere, his sermons contained simply the workings of his own mind, and were a sort of public confession which he made as he went along. . . . The risk would not have been great with his hearers if they had been playing with the question as a dialectical exercise. But he had made them feel and think seriously about it by his own intense earnestness, and brought up as most of them had been to believe that Christianity had sufficient

historical evidence for it, to be suddenly told that the famous argument against miracles was logically valid after all, was at least startling. . . . I for one began to read Hume attentively, and though old associations prevented me from recognizing the full force of what he had to say, no doubt I was unconsciously affected by it (pp. 165—167).

It is surprising, after this positive assertion of what the writer heard with his own ears—after the reported words have been commented on—after motives and reasons for them have been suggested, quite (we may say) gratuitously—after the assertion is repeated again, and the startling effect produced by the words when first heard is recounted—it is, we say, surprising, after all this, to find that no such words were ever uttered, no such statement was ever made, no such opinion was ever expressed by Cardinal Newman, as Mr. Froude has here attributed to him. This is venturing on a bold contradiction, especially on behalf of another person, but let us see the grounds for it. Mr. Froude is careful to give no reference, but it is easy to find the sermon alluded to. It is the ninth of the *University Sermons*, with the title, "Faith and Reason contrasted as habits of mind," though Mr. Froude says "it was upon evidence." We will quote the passages at full length which bear a similarity to his summary account of it.

When a well known infidel of the last century argues that the divinity of Christianity is founded on the testimony of the Apostles, in opposition to the experience of nature, and that the laws of nature are uniform, those of testimony variable, and scoffingly adds that Christianity is founded on Faith, not on Reason, what is this but saying that Reason is severer in its demands of evidence than Faith? (p. 176). It is indeed a great question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and governing Power. But, however this be, the practical safeguard against atheism in the case of scientific inquirers is the inward need and desire, the inward experience, of that Power, existing in the mind antecedent and independent of their examination of His material world.

And in this lies the main fallacy of the celebrated argument against miracles, already alluded to, of a Scotch philosopher, whose depth and subtlety all must acknowledge. Let us grant (at least for argument's sake) that judging from the experience of life, it is more likely that witnesses should deceive, than that the laws of nature should be suspended. Still there may be considerations distinct from this view of the question which turn the main probability the other way, *viz.*, the likelihood, *a priori*, that a revelation should be given. Here, then, we see how Faith is and is not according to Reason; taken together with

the antecedent probability, that Providence will reveal Himself to mankind, such evidence of the fact, as is otherwise deficient, may be enough for conviction, even in the judgment of Reason. But it need not be enough apart from that probability. That is, Reason, weighing evidence only, or arguing from external experience, is counter to Faith; but admitting the full force of the moral feelings, it concurs with it (pp. 186, 187).

The verbal coincidences between these passages and Mr. Froude's statement leave no room to doubt that this is the sermon, and these are the words, that fell on his ears with such direful significance. Where, then, we may ask, is the statement that "Hume's argument against miracles is logically sound?" But Mr. Froude may reply, I heard that statement made, whether it is in the sermon as now published or not. Ah! but we have had too much experience of Mr. Froude's mode of dealing with facts and statements of fact that pass before his eyes (let alone what merely enters his ears), to accept anything whatever as true on his unsupported testimony. Then let us compare Mr. Froude's report with the published sermon. Mr. Froude says: "I heard Newman say, Hume's argument against miracles is logically sound." In the published sermon we read: "In this lies the main fallacy of Hume's argument against miracles." Now these two propositions could not have been stated by the same person in the same sermon. One contradicts the other. Cardinal Newman could not have said that Hume's argument is logically sound, and also that it contains a fallacy. Which, then, is the correct version? Besides the words, "Let us grant (at least for argument's sake)," quite overlooked by Mr. Froude, and apart from other considerations, we may see that the whole scope and purpose of the sermon would be altered, if Mr. Froude's statement of it were correct, and therefore no doubt can be entertained that it stands in the text as it was delivered from St. Mary's pulpit. It is possible that Mr. Froude may believe that he heard such an opinion stated; that, perhaps, he was in a mood ready to catch at and welcome such an announcement; that he went home and buried himself in the study of Hume, and has never shaken himself free from the impression he then received, though only caused by his own imagination. But he has never taken the trouble to verify his recollection by the sermon as published. If he had done so, he would not have called it a sermon "upon evidence." Perhaps Cardinal Newman is not the only writer who has made a "sort

of public confession as he went along." But wherever His Eminence has done so, we may be sure that he has done it honestly, in a spirit of humiliation and self-accusation. He would have accepted the full responsibility of his own conduct. He would not have excused himself at the expense of anybody else. Even if (only so to suppose) he had been led into any evil course by his own pride and wilfulness, he would not have tried to throw the blame on another person. Least of all, would he have attributed to another person words that were never spoken, acts that were never done, in order to raise up a fictitious justification of himself.

Mr. Froude seems to be possessed with an uneasy feeling that he once had a share in a precious inheritance, and that somehow or other he has been done out of it. But instead of looking nearer home for the cause of the privation he has undergone, he casts about to see where he can throw off the blame, and he can find nothing whereon to fasten such a charge, but the stir that in his undergraduate days at Oxford was rousing the mind of every one, and the intellectual life that had been put into theological questions, principally by Cardinal Newman. The circumstances, however, that he alleges are quite insufficient to prove his case, unless they had been met with a spirit already distempered in itself and ever inclined to take things the wrong way. He would not have gone off all at once into imaginary details, if he had had any real facts at command. He would scarcely have defended Kingsley as one who had been merely worsted in an intellectual contest with an antagonist too strong for him, unless he had felt that he himself was fast running into a similar course. And poor Kingsley had no personal ties engaging him to the person who was the object of his attack. But for Mr. Froude—after the memories he recalls of one whose name alone should have been a bridle to his tongue—after all the claims to gratitude, reverence, and consideration which he has admitted—after forty years have gone by, during which he never dared to make public his present assertions—if he has any defence to offer, any justification to plead, any proofs to bring forward in support of his individual testimony, let him produce them, or else make a retraction and apology more manly and ample than Kingsley did. But, unfortunately, if he were to do this, he would not be the Mr. Froude who has for so many years been before the British public as a writer.

II.—REVIEWS.

1. *The Metaphysics of the School.* By Thomas Harper, S.J. Vol. ii. Macmillan and Co., 1881.

THE expositor of a department in scholastic philosophy to English-speaking people has two courses open before him, each having its own advantages and disadvantages. On the one side he may secure adequacy of treatment by setting forth his subject down even to its subtler details, which are more likely to call forth opposition; or, on the other side, he may give only the broader and more tangible outlines, suppressing, as far as possible, all those finer strokes which present more difficulty. The latter plan, as attempting less, has so far a better chance of gaining its end. But the *Metaphysics of the School* seeks no favour from a minimizing policy. It boldly follows out the more arduous course. It seems to say to the reader, "Read this, if you are willing, at the same time, to make your effort at understanding it fairly proportionate to the labour which it has cost the author to write the volume. If you shrink from the effort of thought, the book is not meant for you." Though, however, Father Harper is far from trying to reduce metaphysics to the condition of easily digestible, and not very strengthening, spoon-meat, it may be allowed this short review to tend a little more in that direction. We propose, therefore, to keep rather upon the surface; to signalize points of discussion rather than to enter deeply into them; to state controversies rather than to give judgment on their issue. Indeed it is juster towards the author not meagrely to synopsise arguments that he has drawn out at great length. If their force could be put into a few jaunty lines, it would be more than waste of room to spread them over many solemn pages.

We begin, not with apologies for the book, but with deprecating unfair treatment of it. It advocates a system, which is popularly supposed to have long been dead and buried out of sight for all but a few laggards in the march of mind—a sorry set of mortals who, belonging properly to the fourteenth century, have been kept back as amusing live specimens for all genuine nineteenth-century men to make merry over. Any work, lying under an imputation of this character, runs the pretty certain risk of being taken up, when taken up at all, not only without

sympathy, but with overmastering antipathy. Now this last disposition is always fatal to the acceptance of any truth that may, unexpectedly to the reader, be propounded. Whereas the mind of better susceptibility even in a book from which, as a whole, it must dissent, will candidly discriminate such useful lessons as are to be gathered. It will be something at least gained if an adversary, with a formed system of his own, after reading through *The Metaphysics of the School*, can say, "I have not been persuaded into giving up my own system, but I have been taught some of its weaker points, and some of the stronger points on the other side." In return, many who cling substantially to the old philosophy, will not refuse to learn of the new. For instance, we think it owing to the modern school, not indeed to have altogether discovered, but to have brought into fuller light, the impossibility of strictly isolating physical causes, and the consequent limitations under which the causality of an effect must be assigned to a determinate agent. A similar allowance may be made for the emphasis given to the many elements of relativity that enter into human knowledge; to the large part played by association of ideas; to the constant working of the human mind by shorthand processes, and the liability of these to occasional failure; to the very imperfect sense in which we can be said to know the essences of many familiar objects; and to numerous other points, which will readily suggest themselves to one who has read philosophers, as well new as old. While uncompromisingly faithful to the scholastic doctrine, that man can really, though within limits, have knowledge of causality, of absolute truth, and of essential nature, we are not so wholly intent on the opposite errors, propounded by empiricists, as to have no eye for the half-neglected truths to which empiricism has done fuller justice than before was rendered. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* To give no quarter to error is one thing; because of this attitude to be unable to sift truth from out of errors, is quite another thing. And this remark contains a caution, all the more necessary that it is, for the most part, little heeded. Even a school-boy under examination, whose tendency is naturally rather to fall in with his questioner's views than gratuitously to oppose them, is sometimes found to damage his cause by a sort of inborn obstinacy. A Cambridge examiner, of experience wider than his own University, might be quoted in proof; but the case is one that does not require the citation of witnesses. Hence we

will content ourselves with merely giving an instance, taken from the very lowly order of simple arithmetic. The instance came as near to the writer's experience as ever the reader likes to imagine. Divide three by five was what we will dignify as the problem put. A certain youth saw the question, and jumped straightway to the conclusion: "I have caught the examiner tripping; I will not set him firm on his legs by transposing his divisor and dividend for him; I will simply tell him, that what he asks me to do cannot be done, and I will leave him to gather who is at fault." So down triumphantly went the words, "three cannot be divided by five." Yet the boy knew decimals very well; the slightest whisper in the ear of the word "decimals" would have checked his imaginary victory, and set him humbly to work out the right result. What an external mentor would have thus done for him, his own knowledge would have done had he been a little less precipitate and a little less aggressive in his mood.

Another cautionary remark we would add, as pertinent to the matter in hand equally with the preceding observation. Our knowledge being not an intuition of objects in their entirety, one complete idea for one complete thing, but rather a piecemeal, patched-up, and ever imperfect product, it but too faithfully retains these characters even in our most carefully elaborated philosophies. Generally it is a balance of conveniences and inconveniences whether these words are used or those; whether this aspect is taken or that; whether a definition is made to stand thus or otherwise. Practically, few definitions can have all the requirements which pure logic so easily lays down as a matter of theory. To draw hard and fast lines is well-nigh the despair of the naturalist; and though the metaphysician is in much better plight, as dealing with the simplest, analytical principles, still even he is often driven to a choice of inconveniences. Meanwhile the mind may be saved from all *positive error* in its enunciations, because of that property which belongs to mind rightly interpreted, and to it alone, namely, its power of knowing precisely what it is about. The full appreciation of this fact is the death-blow to the mechanical theory of mind, while on the other hand it is the establishment of the soul's spirituality.

The mind, then, can review its own operations reflexively; it must review them at least by an implicit reflexion, which is contained in the very act of direct knowledge. It can see how

far it sees, and where darkness for it begins; it can put in its own limitations, explanations, corrections, though in the spoken word these have largely to be omitted, and the hearer must be left to supply them for himself. This is his duty, though he often fails therein. Now, making application to our present case, we say, that it is not fair rudely to reject divisions, definitions, or propositions, because of some weak points in them, real or apparent. The wisely tolerant course is to see whether deficiencies are allowed for, and kept from being more than negative imperfections. Then, if something better or best can be suggested, let it be suggested as better or best, and not be thrust forth as the only good statement, or as alone having any validity. It will be seldom that a wholly objectionless device can be proposed. If, for example, a definition of life is under discussion, do not test it simply by the detection of a shortcoming in it, or even of many shortcomings. See how its author interprets it; to what end he ordains it; what degree of completeness or ultimateness he attaches to it. For there are matters—and life is one of them—that we can only clumsily define; and it is idle to say that a clumsy definition is, by the force of terms, no proper definition. There is always salvation for imperfect knowledge in its consciousness of its own imperfection. As the conclusion of the above considerations, we would press upon the teachers or the disciples of other systems, who take up *The Metaphysics of the School*, that they should not exactly seek to find their own formularies, even where these may be legitimate. They should weigh each portion of the book on its own merits, and in accordance with its position in the whole of which it is a part. And our words will appear the more relevant if we say plainly, that they were not indeed first suggested to the mind, but reinforced there, by a review, in many ways favourable, of Father Harper's first volume. The writer objected to unity, truth, and goodness as the primary attributes of Being. He said that Hegel had given the true theory. Now apart altogether from the value of Hegel's speculations, we make bold to say that the reviewer never tried to get at the scholastic stand-point, and to estimate it for what it is. From his own position he surveyed the old doctrine, and it would not fall into perspective. So it was thereupon pronounced to be a faulty design. Yet, seen on its right aspect, the scholastic doctrine is at least tenable. Its upholders would claim more for it; but from adversaries they

expect that much to be granted. Throughout all varieties of system genuine philosophy must maintain, as common ground, man's rational nature, along with the fundamental principles of metaphysical truth. But beyond this region of essential identity there is the widest range for diversity of treatment. It is, therefore, a great pity that rival schools should ever waste time simply over mutual misunderstandings. The vital points of controversy, where the divergence is real, are plenteous enough; and even these are more likely to find a common settlement if care be taken by each to get at the other's exact meaning; to allow all that must in fairness be allowed, and to mark precisely the points of disagreement. Absolute perfection all round can never be had in any system. Where various routes are practicable, all leading up to the goal with sufficient, but none with perfect precision, it is vain for each speculator to cry out to every one else, that his own way alone is the path that may be followed.

Yet another remark, and then the points preliminary are done with. Metaphysics treat of the simplest idea and its simplest connexions or implications. Being, Cause, Substance, Individuality, are notions everybody possesses. To most people they give little trouble. No sooner, however, does the metaphysician start his work of explanation upon them, than there is darkness where all before seemed light. Simplicity itself becomes the most puzzling complexity. Such being the result, one is tempted to say, as many a sorely-tried student has said, Let metaphysicians leave this tangible earth and go off to live in some unsubstantial cloud-land. Let them dwell for ever up in balloons, breathing their own element, the rarest atmosphere that human lungs can respire. Or, if that flight be too much for them, at least let them take a hint from the philosophers of Aristophanes, and suspend themselves aloft and aloof in baskets. Anyhow, let plain-witted men be rid of them, lest native knowledge perish from the earth. And yet there are reasons why we should retain these metaphysicians. At times we want a fuller grasp of our every-day notions than every-day converse can give us. These notions are clear in some sort; but their clearness is that of shallows, to the bottom of which we easily see in the calm, but a very short probe suffices to stir up the mud beneath, and make all turbid. Everybody knows what Being is, till he has got to produce his knowledge; and then a very uncertain answer is forthcoming. Mr. Matthew Arnold says,

that he does not know what Being is. A positivist in this country, inquiring whether collective humanity is a Being, prepares to settle the question by defining that a Being is an organism. A German philosopher tells us that Being is over-againstness, and is that dualistic idea, or pair of ideas, started in the mind when first it distinguishes the *non-ego* from the *ego*. And, to make our first quotation from the volume under review, a mistake of Hume's is signalized,¹ who says: "The idea of existence is the very same with what we conceive to be existent. To reflect on anything simply, and to reflect on it as existent, are nothing different from each other. That idea, when conjoined to the idea of any object, makes no addition to it. Whatever we conceive, we conceive to be existent. Any idea we please to form is the idea of being; and the idea of being is any idea we please to form." Interpret as benevolently as we may, there is some confusion of thought here as to the abstract notion Being, which the writer now makes concrete and now identifies with existence; whilst the last notion he changes about from ideal to real. Simple notions, therefore, need some clearing up, if they are to be used for higher purposes than what is called "getting on in life." Moreover, the mental training, acquired by well-conducted analyses of elementary ideas, richly repays the toil. The arguments used in the process are mostly those which require very delicate handling. They go, not on the plan of ordinary demonstration; they take the simple notion and expand it into complex definitions or principles, showing meanwhile that the expansion is legitimate.

At last we come to the book before us. After having been employed in the former volume chiefly on elucidating the ideas of Being and its transcendental properties, Father Harper begins his second volume by treating of the first principles of Being, or "those necessary judgments by which Being and its notes are represented. They are the foundation upon which metaphysical science depends. All the sciences have their respective first principles, which are the foundation of subsequent demonstration, within the sphere of the proper subject-matter; it is natural, then, that the queen of the sciences should likewise have her first principles, which assume the widest extension of the formal object, and afford an ultimate basis for those of other sciences."²

It is noted that the judgments, of which there is question,

¹ P. 100. ² P. I.

are to be regarded, not in the order of pure logic, which abstracts as well from the thing as from its actual existence, but in the order of metaphysical essence. Hence we have to examine, not what that law of mind is, by which it cannot at once affirm and deny the same proposition, but what that law of objective Being is, by which what is, cannot, at the same time, not be. In other words, the inquiry is ontological, and not logical.

Judgments are divided into analytical and synthetical. "An analytical judgment is representative of a composition or of a definition, which is of the essence of the subject, and is discoverable by simple analysis in the concept of the latter. A synthetical judgment is a representation of a composition, or of a division, which is not of the essence of the subject, but added to it—objectively by the fact, subjectively by observation or experiment."³ Here we may fitly take occasion to illustrate a remark already made, about at least the possibility of variation in the use of terms. In doing so we must deprecate wilful misunderstanding. We are not advocating a change of common usage, but merely exemplifying a statement. If, then, we give utterance to the view, that all facts, not the result of free will, are *in some sort* predicable analytically, no doubt we are startling the unprepared hearer. Yet, though departing from the ordinary use of terms, we can give an indisputably true interpretation to our words. Just as it is open to a man, when he likes, to *quantify* his subject, so it is open to him, when he likes, to *circumstancify* his subject, if we may coin the word.⁴ Given, then, the subject in its requisite completeness, saving, as already excepted, the case of an act of free will, the predicate follows as a matter of necessity. So long as fire is what it is, that fire is a combusive force, is an analytical proposition to any one that comprehends the term. Under like conditions, the like may be said of combustible matter. Yet this way of turning into analytical propositions what are usually, and more advantageously, taken as synthetical, would require a division into degrees. For by definition the predicate must flow from the essence of the subject: the more, therefore, that essence is made, for the nonce,

³ P. 4.

⁴ Sir W. Hamilton has given sufficient currency to the verb *to quantify*. On the analogy of this word, *to circumstancify* here means to add on to the subject all its relevant circumstances under any determinate predication. So amplified the subject must contain the predicate: though the necessity, of course, is greater with regard to intrinsic properties or actions, than with regard to mere extrinsic denominations.

to include what, in general, are classed as accidental appurtenances, the less perfect will be the necessity of the enunciation. That this bullet shot this definite soldier, if tortured into an analytical form, will stand in a lower grade than the judgment, that an exploded rifle will discharge its ball. Moreover, it will make a vast difference in the estimate of terms, what view we take of matter in relation to its own forces and properties. Those who deny all real distinction between them, have much stronger ground for calling the judgment, "coal burns," analytical, than have those who conceive of force as something superadded to substance.

So much we have said, not to attack the scholastic division, but to make it more clearly intelligible. For we think that no one would fully grasp the traditional view, who did not advert to the partial truth, seen and exaggerated by these innovators who would make all propositions equally necessary and equally contingent. For this reason we further hold that, while the theory is to be rejected which makes of subjects mere "bundles of attributes," without substantial bond between them, the predicate being one of the bundle; yet much light is incidentally shed on the connexion of subject and predicate by that view of the case. In one sense, a subject means to us all the attributes that we can assign to it; the richer these are, the richer our knowledge, and contrariwise. But then, this is not the whole statement of how matters stand. If given as such, and especially as implying a denial of substance, it is simply false.

The scholastics have made all physical facts synthetic, while all their analytical propositions are metaphysically necessary. But the converse is not correct. Not all metaphysically necessary truths are analytical. For they are considered relatively to the human mind, not absolutely in themselves; *quoad nos*, not *quoad se*. The predicate may be of the essence of the subject, without being cognizably so to a finite intellect. Again, human minds vary in their power of analysis. The general standard, therefore, has to be fixed; and it is fixed at what, by common agreement, the philosophically disciplined intellect can achieve in the way of seeing predicate within subject. In speaking of which point there is, among authors, a slight divergency. Some talk as though, from the sole consideration of the subject, the implied notion of the predicate had to be explicitly evolved. Others talk as though this notion might first require to be given

aliunde; and then the test of analysis lay in so synthesizing predicate with the subject as to make it part of the essence, from the mere resolution of which it may henceforth be derived. But this is a question of small moment.

Among analytical propositions, Father Harper next seeks which to place as ultimate. He rejects the principle of identity, that whatever is, is; that everything is itself; that $A = A$. Likewise, he rejects the principle of equality, that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another. And he takes up this position, that "the principle of contradiction is ultimate in order of reduction."⁵ What kind of reductive principle is being sought after must be carefully borne in mind. It is not an all-inclusive formula, in which every other truth is precontained, and waits merely to be unfolded. No such universal principle is available for man on this earth, though we will not say the same for the next life. Some members of a school, called the Ontologistic, have taught that man begins with the idea of God, and thence descends to the knowledge of creatures. The Church has shown her antagonism to such doctrines. Hegel too had a wonderful proposition, from which, by a dialectic process, he evolved a great deal more than we could concede to his method. Again, certain modern speculators, referring all things to mechanical law, have discussed a possible "world-formula," which, calculated backwards and forwards, would give us all history, human and material, moral and physical. Put $t = -\infty$, time equals minus infinity, and you get an account of the beginnings of things. Make t positive and very large, and you get an account of the far future. We need hardly say that Father Harper is in quest of no such chimæra; he seeks a principle ultimately motivating, at least by its implicit⁶ action, all objective judgments. He does not seek a principle from which all other truths follow by simple deduction, as the properties of a circle follow from the consideration of its trigonometrical formula. "The ultimate principle will be that analytical judgment, which explicitly exhibits the one motive of assent

⁵ P. 19.

⁶ It is necessary to guard against the error that these abstract, metaphysical principles are called first, because they first became known to man in the abstract. They are given in concrete intuitions, long before the philosopher sets to work at the process of separating abstract from concrete. Hence languages seem to have begun without the substantive verb *to be*. The verbs now so used are traceable to roots originally meaning *to breathe, to live, to grow, to stand, &c.* Only gradually was the idea of being disengaged with clearness.

common to all other subordinate principles ; so that these latter may be established against sceptical assault by reduction to the former, as to the evident and immoveable foundation of all complex or judicial thought."⁷ In order to arrive at this first principle, we take Being, "the most universal object," and seek how "to exhibit it in its most primary relation. . . . What, then, is the primary relation of Being? Evidently its relation to Not Being, whence arises division, and, as a consequence, the first possibility of two terms of thought. . . . When it is affirmed, according to the principle of contradiction, that it is impossible for an entity at once to have essence and not have essence ; or, that it is impossible for an entity at the same time to exist and not to exist, these two judgments are equivalent to the intuitive cognition, that nothing can at once possess and be without the same reality. The principle of contradiction, therefore, is ultimate in order of reduction."⁸ Father Harper claims for this principle the two requisites, in one of which all other claimants fail, namely, that it is really a principle and really primary, or, from another point of view, really ultimate.

Under the same heading, Kant's "synthetic *a priori* judgments" are taken into consideration, the end of which is that they are rejected. It was thought a grand idea on the part of Kant, when, in order to save the world from the scepticism introduced by Hume's completion of Berkeley's theory, he gave to the world his *Critic of Pure Reason*. Herein he professed to gauge what human intellect was capable of doing in the way of acquiring objective truth. As available space is fast narrowing before us, we can afford room only for the following passage out of a summary of results. "One cannot but see that the critique of Kant utterly fails to bridge over the chasm which previous scepticism had made between the subjective and the objective—between thought and reality—between human intelligence and that external world whose objective existence is assured to us by the general voice of mankind in all ages, by the safe instincts of common sense, and by that cogent argument of a practical necessity, which scatters to the winds all mere dreams of the study, however geometrical in construction. The seeming objectivity, which is from time to time paraded before us, is an objectivity of mere intellectual creation—nothing else than a *subjective* objectivity, such as the mind constructs for itself in every psychologically reflex idea,

⁷ P. 28.

⁸ Pp. 49, 50.

wherein a prior concept, *as* concept, or some other psychical act, becomes the object of mental conception. The *critique*, therefore, attempts to solve the critically insoluble problem, by ignoring, or rather effacing, one of the two essential terms—banishing into the unknown the true object of human thought—and substituting in its place an ingenious combination of psychical phenomena that have no meaning beyond the sphere of the *ego*. But of such elements it is impossible to extract anything beyond a subjective certainty and evidence. But a purely subjective evidence and certainty are arbitrary and, as a consequence, no true certainty or evidence at all.”⁹

We must now pass to a new division of the treatise. The question of causality opens with an inquiry into those two kinds of cause, known respectively as material and formal. Before speaking of this subject it is necessary to say a few words as to the nature of the discussion. Father Harper calls attention to the difference between the physical and the metaphysical analysis of matter. The former concerns itself with atoms and molecules, with their combining proportions, their manner of grouping, and their interchanges. The chemical retort, the microscope, spectrum-analysis, and other appliances of a like nature are pressed into the service of its investigations. The result is, that we are told of such things as inconceivably rapid oscillations in inconceivably short paths, by inconceivably minute particles. The passage from the liquid to the gaseous state, and the myriad activities of substance in the latter condition, as viewed on the mechanical theory of a gas, are vividly pictured to the eye of the imagination, or, as the term is, are *visualized*. And the special satisfaction felt in such researches is due to precisely this *visualizing*, with its consequent clearness of conception; not to any rational belief that the real ultimate has been reached. For, however the particle approach to infinitesimal smallness, there is no guarantee that the limit has absolutely been touched. Our last element may be in itself a complex of yet simpler elements. This is the point at which Father Harper claims to step in as metaphysician, not indeed to continue the analysis on the old lines, but to take it up on quite new lines. “Underneath the phenomena of perception, and that universal government of bodies which men call quantity, there are essences and a suprasensible hierarchy of truths. These are claimed by metaphysics as her own. It is

⁹ Pp. 120, 121.

no part of physics—certainly as at present understood and pursued—to theorize on the essential constitution of bodies, but to experimentalize on the facts of nature. For her scientific process is exclusively inductive.”¹⁰ That the constitution of matter does present a metaphysical problem cannot be denied. How far man is able to grapple with it, is more open to controversy, as we shall see presently.

As regards, however, the general declaration, and apart from particular instances, it is all-important to maintain the position that there does lie within reach of human faculties something beyond the sphere of pure empiricism. Even Lewes's concession of a verifiable “extra-sensible” does not go far enough. It greatly fails to do justice to the power of man's intellect. Not to travel beyond the most self-evident of principles, no man, unless suffering from a Hegelian craze, or some such malady, will deny the principle of contradiction. Yet that principle, in its true, universal significance, is genuinely metempirical, or, as we say, metaphysical. Men are using metaphysics perpetually and with the fullest confidence; yet, all the time, several are unaware of the fact, or even deny it. As Dr. Martineau says, “in spite of the cheap wit expended on metaphysics and the brave preference avowed for *terra firma*, you can escape them only by not knowing where you are. In their embrace you live and move and have your being; and however fast your foot may cling to the earth, none the less do you swim with it through the infinite space, which, even in its emptiness, is yet the condition of all solidity.” This conviction that metaphysics are not only possible, but inevitable, is witnessed to from the most various quarters by the best men in their own departments. “It has been asserted,” said the late Professor Clarke Maxwell, “that metaphysical speculation is a thing of the past, and that physical science has extirpated it. The discussion of the categories of existence, however, does not appear in danger of coming to an end in our time; and the exercise of speculation continues as fascinating to every fresh mind as it was in the days of Thales.” To add one more authority: Professor Green observes how it has been declared “that we have been wise enough to drop metaphysics and occupy ourselves with psychology. If psychology could avoid being a theory of knowledge, and if a theory of knowledge were possible without a theory of the thing known, the reply might be effective.” As things stand, it is ineffective.

¹⁰ P. 184.

By way of aiding persons not familiar with scholastic methods to enter upon a study of Father Harper's line of argumentation for a real distinction between matter and form, we will say a few words on the nature of the problem. Those accustomed to hear such questions debated in the schools, would at once do a thing that often greatly helps to make men at home in a discussion; they would rank the controversy in a well-known class, which we now proceed to describe. It is a trite remark, that our limited mind has often to take in, by two or more distinct concepts, an object, which in itself is one and indivisible. Such concepts are said to be formed by an act of *prescinding*. Humanity and individuality are one in the concrete, existent man; mentally we distinguish them by *precision*, which is further called *objective precision*, if the representative powers of the several concepts are materially exclusive. Thus the idea *humanity* in general says nothing of any individual; while *individuality* says nothing of humanity. Not merely is the same object viewed twice, but each view takes in what the other quite leaves out. Now it is a *constantly recurring controversy* what is the distinction, or whether there is a distinction, in the thing itself, corresponding to the distinction, made objectively in the concepts. In physical bodies we certainly see something describable as matter and something describable as form. What we conceive as matter, at least by *objective precision*, is distinct from what we conceive as form. Are the two elements also physically distinct? That is the point which we must leave the reader to argue out with Father Harper, who replies affirmatively, and thus summarizes his conclusions. "(1) The subject, or material cause, is that element in the constitution of composites, which is indeterminate, indifferent, potential; yet determinable, capable of differentiation and actuation. (2) The Form is that other element which determines, differentiates, actuates the matter. (3) Out of the union of these two arises the composite. (4) Neither the Form nor the matter is made, but the composite; though the composite is made to be that which it is by virtue of the Form, principally at least. (5) The Form is of itself communicable to many matters, or subjects, and is individually determined by the subject. Hence, prior to its existence in the subject it is universal. (6) The Form determines the specific nature of the composite. (7) It is the source of natural operation of the composite, proportionately to its nature. (8) It cannot,

however, naturally exist outside. (9) A plurality of forms specifically the same, in one and the same subject, is impossible."¹¹ And again: "(1) In all created things act and potentiality are correlatives. A potentiality supposes an act as natural term of its perfectness; an act supposes a potentiality, as that from which it must spring and in which it must inhere. (2) The potentiality by itself is indeterminate, indifferent, imperfect, as it were dimidiated being; having a natural inclination towards its act forasmuch as every entity naturally tends towards its own perfection. (3) The act is perfective of the potentiality, and determines it to one. (4) The act specifically informs the potentiality, that is to say, it reduces the latter in one way or other under some particular species. (5) There is a considerable difference between a passive and an active potentiality such as we have been contemplating."¹² This second citation, therefore, does not concern the potentiality which matter has for form—a point sedulously to be kept in mind.

The notions contained under matter and form belong, in the most generic sense, to all ages and to all times. It is impossible to understand common speech without understanding them; so thoroughly are they embodied in language. And this is an extra reason for paying attention to their fuller development by the scholastics. In proof of the alleged universality, it is enough to recall, in various cosmogonies, the division into passive, chaotic subject, and active, organizing force; into a shapeless and a shaping element; into *ἕλη* and *νοῦς*. In theogonies, a distinction of god and goddess is partially due to the same idea; especially in those frequently found triads of father, mother, and offspring. Duality of principle and resultant product are notions over and over again repeated. Thus of the Assyro-Babylonian systems Lenormant says: "La donnée fondamentale de ces constructions cosmogoniques peut se résumer de la manière suivante. Un premier principe matériel et encore confus, qui préexiste à tout et n'a jamais eu de commencement; tantôt on envisage ce premier principe comme unique et renfermant en lui les deux sexes avec la notion de matérialité qui prédomine; tantôt on le représente comme une dualité de mâle et de femelle."

Though we have already declared our resolution of not pretending to act as umpire on the question of real distinction

¹¹ P. 388.

¹² P. 389.

between matter and form in non-living bodies, yet, true to our purpose of pointing out where controversies lie, we will give the barest outlines of the attitude taken up by either party. The affirmative side is strong in the assertion of the contradictory attributes possessed respectively by the active and the passive element; it insists on the physical reality of these attributes; and it stoutly denies that they can belong to what is physically indistinguishable. It allows that neither component is a complete Being in itself, but nevertheless, it maintains two real components. The adverse side argue this way: "We grant you there is active and passive aspect; there is form and there is matter. But who shall prove that these are physically distinct; that they are more than aspects. Perhaps we cannot absolutely demonstrate the contrary; but the *onus probandi* lies with those who would multiply entities where no multiplication appears to the senses. Lewes speaks of 'matter-force' as of one thing that is two-faced. Why may not we speak similarly of 'matter-form?' Contradiction is not where the same thing is now asserted, now denied, but where it is asserted and denied under the same respect. So, we say, one physical entity may be active on one side, passive on another; somewhat as you yourselves say of the human soul."

With this brief statement we leave the controversialists to fight out their own battle. Whilst it would not be true to say that all followers of the scholastics are now ranged on the side, of which Father Harper is the unflinching defender, it is a correct statement, that the doctrine of matter and form is strongly stamped, not only on the philosophy but likewise on the theology, which in substance are common to all the Church's schools. This doctrine was made to give the most radical difference between matter and spirit; so that its abandonment leaves to the ceders sure and sufficient indeed, but no such neat, trim, and apparently ultimate ground of distinction. To this doctrine, moreover, as to some long sought formularization, we may almost watch the mind of antiquity gradually working its way. For, being without fixed terminology, the early Fathers showed themselves puzzled what words to use, whereby to distinguish angelic spirit from God, on the one hand, and from matter on the other. They rightly were constant in calling God "the only pure act," "Being without any potentiality," Spirit as none other is spirit. The angels, they saw, had an element of potentiality; and for this reason some of the Fathers,

who clearly held the angels not to be, or have, bodily substance in our sense of the word, yet called them *material*. They argued, that where there is receptivity there also is matter. By the time of St. Thomas we see the notion fully developed, that the potentiality of the angels did not entail a *substantial constituent* which was a pure potentiality, whereas material bodies did contain such an element. Herein was placed the most deeply philosophical difference between spirit and matter. Yet it cannot with any fairness be contended, that all who doubt this very subtle theory, must consistently doubt the fact which it was meant to explain. There are a thousand facts certainly known, about which explanations in the shape of *placita philosophorum* are open to controversy. Hence the Church, who would never tolerate misgiving on the separation between the material and the spiritual order, has strongly insisted on toleration for those of her children who cannot gather any conviction, that the theory of matter and form gives the key to the distinction.

Why dissentients from the old view have multiplied within recent times may be largely traced to a general tendency. We know how the mind, in each age, is apt to be determined by the general leanings of that age. If we take many of the pet inductions of the day, as they are, not rigidly as they ought to be; then these prove to be of that description, which is given by our popular manuals of logic. From a few individual instances a leap is made to a universal proposition without any general principle to justify the procedure. Practically, inductions have constantly been of this character. In an age that firmly believed in demonology, any mischief, the cause of which was not apparent, was popularly set down to the credit of evil spirits. Contrariwise, in an age that believes solely in physical force, any effect, however marvellous, will be attributed to natural agencies. This is rather a mechanical following of a bias than a rational process. Now if the scholastics had their tendencies, one certainly was a proneness to turn mental distinctions into real ones. It is quite a test of the different philosophic schools to see how many of the stock distinctions are accepted as real, how many rejected. Adhering still to our neutrality on the doctrine of matter and form, we may point out how it was likely to fare, at the hands of many, when chemistry, rightly or wrongly, produced a tendency hostile to its spirit. The same elements were compounded this way and

that; the substance seemed radically to change with each new combination. Yet the elements could be reclaimed, and they were the same as before. Father Harper uses these facts as making for his own cause. But others have thought to see in them a contrary conclusion. "I know what I have done," says the physicist, "I have only arranged and re-arranged a set of particles, always identically the same, and having their forces intrinsically identical. The changed appearances, however great, do not reach to the substance: they are due to accidental collocation. True, the redistribution may go deep, affecting the very structure of the molecules; but it is only a redistribution after all. Chemical composition differs from mechanical mixture only in degree. No new entity, no new substantial form is ever either destroyed or produced. This is my creed; though I can excuse the ancient school for thinking that fire made one kind of substance cease to be and put another in its place; and that aqueous vapour was something other than water with its particles driven wider apart."

Such is the strain of one whose disposition to believe is given him by the actual manipulation of matter. It is noticeable, that no metaphysical argument enters into his calculations; but when metaphysical argument is proposed to him, his reply is, that he cannot, of course, disprove the asserted duality, but he sees no cogent reason for its admission. It does not fall in with his habits of mind, and there is nothing to convince him that he should go against that habit. Yet he candidly admits, that he is too wholly ignorant as to what the outgoing of causality is, and in what consists the reception of the efficient act, to warrant him in taking up a very dogmatic attitude. These notions are quite puzzles to him; and even should his intellect succeed in divising some plausible scheme, it is at best a plausibility. Forces certainly work changes; but how he cannot tell. Perhaps if some clue were at once given, there might follow a clearing up of mysteries, such as the undulatory theory of light brought about in its own sphere. Perhaps, however, the real explanation lies deeper than any notion experience has yet furnished us with; and our mind has not the elementary symbols for the expression of the facts. A Catholic, least of all, will think that he has penetrated to the ultimate secrets of *essence, substance, accidents, union, matter, spirit*; for in connexion with all these notions, his religion proposes to his belief mysteries as *mysteries*; which they would cease to be if his ideas about them were adequate.

Father Harper, aware of all these difficulties, sees no reason to abandon his master, St. Thomas of Aquin. He lays down his proposition, with the confidence that he can sustain it: "In chemical combinations there is more than cohesive union. There is a development of a new substance out of two or more previously existing, but now remaining only virtually in such new substance. The combining force may account for that new entity physically: but they do not give us the formal reason of its constituted essence." All must acknowledge that no other theory seems to give so thorough an idea of *intrinsic union* between component elements. Primordial matter, incapable of existing alone, essentially ordained to be actuated by some form, is completed by a form, also incapable of existing alone,¹³ essentially ordained to actuate some subject. On any other hypothesis, it is hard to explain how any union can be rigorously intrinsic. Compenetration will not serve, even if it is possible. Still we cannot expect a compound body to have that perfect unity found in a simple body: and a union may be really intrinsic while the components remain, not only distinct entities, but entities complete in their own order. So, at least, many contend, and we are mere reporters.

In conclusion, we call attention to the summary of St. Thomas's doctrine on "The Causes of the Material Universe," given in the Appendix. The reader will there see what idea of evolution is attributed to the holy Doctor. The general notion of evolution could not have escaped the acute observation of the great minds of antiquity. St. Thomas asserts, as agents in the process, certain *rationes seminales* implanted by the Creator. It is the express purpose, not, indeed, of Mr. Darwin in his later editions, but of Mr. Spenser, to combat any guiding principle within the organism. All, from the first beginnings of animal structure, is built up by the mechanical interaction of forces. "In whatever way formulated," he says, "the ascription of organic evolution to some aptitude naturally possessed by the organisms, or miraculously imposed on them, is unphilosophical. It is one of these explanations which explain nothing—a shaping of ignorance into the semblance of knowledge. . . . In brief, this assumption of a persistent formative power is an assumption no more tenable than the assumption of special creations." From Mr. Spenser's theory of incident forces, and the consequent production of adaptations, Mr. Darwin is, in one place, careful

¹³ We speak only of material bodies.

to declare his independence ; and the view is still more opposed to those held respectively by Professor Mivart and Mr. Wallace. To Father Harper's Appendix we refer the reader for what St. Thomas had to say on the subject. Our own space is thoroughly exhausted, as is, perhaps, the reader's patience.

JOHN RICKABY.

2. *Divided.* A Novel. By the Author of *Shakespeare's Stories Simply Told*, etc.
London : Remington and Co., 1881.

The tale opens with a dreary prospect enough. It would not be easy to find materials at first sight more unpromising than those to which the author stands self-condemned. We are rapidly introduced to three principal characters only to find that the persons in whom we are expected to take the chief interest are capable of the sordid and very vulgar weakness of marrying for money. In the behaviour of secondary actors this unamiable propensity might have been depicted without danger, but in a hero and a heroine its presence is alarming to the last degree. Evidently the writer of this clever book has had a scare in some period of literary life, and is determined not to commit the unpardonable folly of creating specimens of perfect virtue. It is possible to fall into an opposite error, and our first impressions of Percy Meynell are that his is not the stuff of which heroes can be made. All the more praise does the author deserve for having evolved from such a beginning a really interesting and sufficiently instructive story of the sweet uses of adversity which chastens the flightiness and improves away the pettiness of young hearts spoiled by fashionable life and foolish parents, before they had ever had a fair chance of showing the good that was in them.

The chief character, Sylvia Fortiss, is a headstrong young lady of nineteen when we make her acquaintance, endowed with many graces and a kind of beauty more charming by reason of its eccentricity. She is perpetually disobedient to her parents; but when they desire her to renounce the man she loves in order to give her hand to a more wealthy claimant whom she abhors; she yields at once, and even confesses that love could not carry her to the inconvenient length of consenting to put up with a life of comparative poverty. Percy Meynell, who loves her and is loved by her, is equally unsatisfactory at the outset. When he finds out that Sylvia's parents will not let him have her, he

succumbs without a struggle, and then in his turn tries to marry a rich lady. The heiress jilts him at the last moment, and Sylvia's husband about the same time is drowned when skating. After this the story takes a new departure in an unforeseen direction. We will leave our readers to follow it out for themselves, promising them much gratification in so doing, if they care for skilful development of character.

3. *Reata. What's in a name?* By E. D. Gerard. Three vols. Blackwood: Edinburgh and London, 1880.

If this novel is, as it is said to be, a first attempt, it is undoubtedly a very successful attempt. Perhaps most people take more pains to deserve success when they begin—they elaborate their plots more carefully, study their characters, and collect the materials for their descriptions of manners or of scenery. Certainly nothing of all this preliminary work has been wanting in the present case. The secret of the story, although it may perhaps be guessed at half way through, even by those conscientious readers who think it wrong to look on to the end of the third volume, is very well kept. The story, itself is extremely interesting. The characters are not conventional. The scenery of the tale is laid in countries which, even in these days, are new to most English readers, and, if we are not able from our own experience to testify to the accuracy of the descriptions, at least they strike us as natural and as the fruit of considerable industry. The main interest of the tale, of course, centres in the principal figure, who gives the name to the book, and, if there are no others who charm us, there are at least two or three who interest us. We must wait for future productions of the same pen to see whether we have a new novelist among us, a real addition to our riches in this respect. We must have more to judge from as to the powers of development of character, in particular. But we see no sign of weakness, and if we cannot at once place "E. D. Gerard" in the small first class of contemporary writers of fiction, we may at least predict that, unless the promise of this book is belied, we shall not have anything that is simply mediocre connected with this new name.

Reata is the daughter, born in Mexico and in the old age of her father, of one of a noble German family who has been driven to seek his fortune in the New World. At the beginning

of the story she is mistaken by her relations in Germany for an elder sister of her own, the fruit of an earlier marriage, and is thus thought to belong to an elder generation. Her father has left her immense wealth, and she is determined to be wooed and won for herself alone. She avails herself of the mistake to pass off an old companion as the "aunt" in search of whom a young cousin of her own is sent from Germany. Of course her trial leads her into trouble and a certain amount of misery; but what that trouble is, how she at last emerges from it, and how the whole family of the Bodenbachs arrive at that kind of happiness which is the usual issue of a novel in three volumes, we must leave the inquisitive reader to have the pleasure of finding out for himself.

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4. *The Life of John Lord Campbell*, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Consisting of a selection from his Autobiography, Diary, and Letters. Edited by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle. 2 vols. Murray, 1881.

The subject of this biography was rather a fortunate man than a great man, and he has hardly a right to pose in the latter capacity. He was a canny Scot, who made his way in the world, who was rather a joke to his contemporaries—with whom he was always "Jack Campbell." But he was a useful man to those who had the benefit of his services, a man of whom we might use the verse of Horace about Aristippus, whom he called,

Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum.

He was a fair judge—except in the Achilli case—an industrious advocate, a good hard-working official, and apparently not unpopular, though he every now and then made people laugh at his vanities or pomposities. His biography is almost entirely occupied with himself, and is three times too long. As Lord Campbell was a Cabinet Minister in two Liberal Governments, he saw a good deal of the inside of things in the later years of his life, and some of his recollections will help the future historian. But, on the whole, the book will scarcely have a chance of living beyond the present season.

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